Theo. Roosevelt Reviews H. S[redacted]mberlain's "Foundations"

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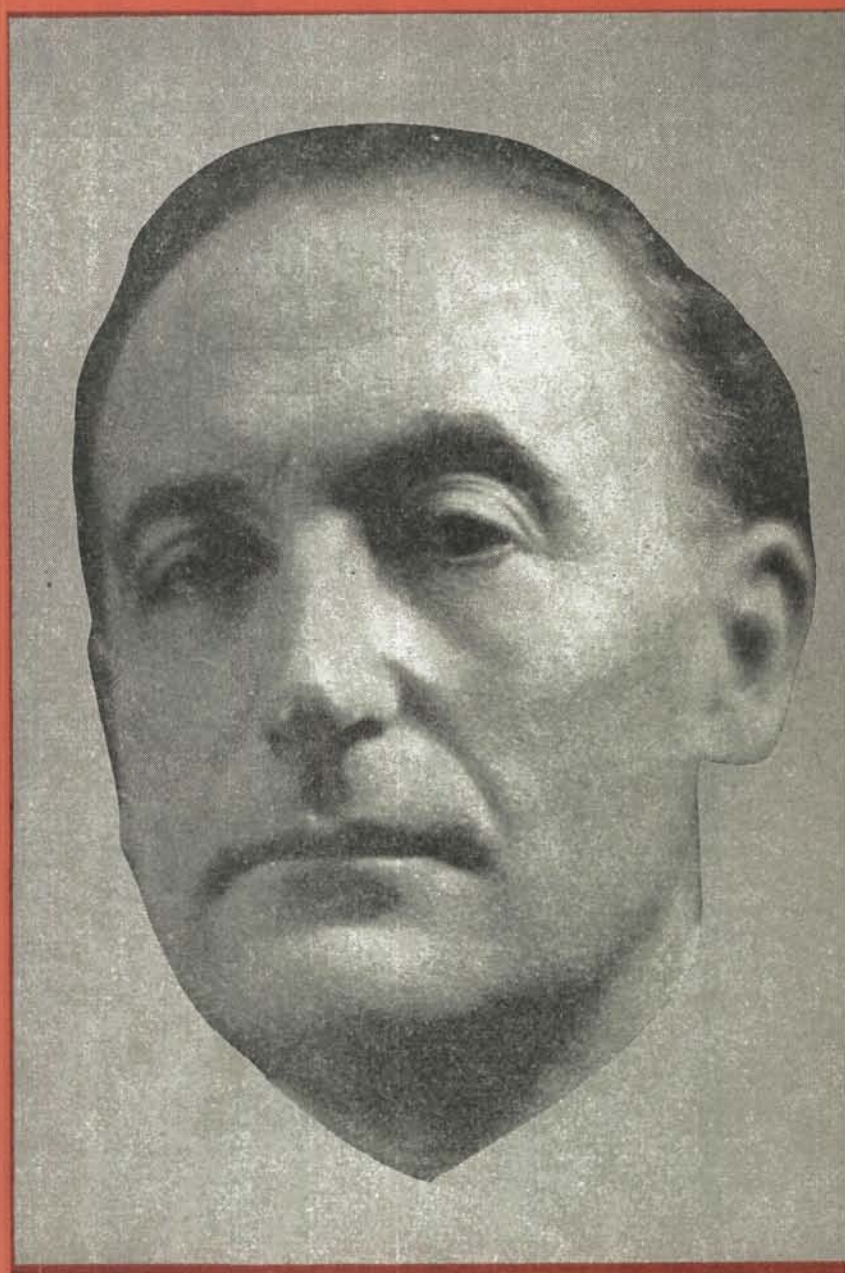

JULES ROMAINS takes for his subject the private worlds of the first post-war years . . . *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Novelists Take Over Poetry

GEORGE R. STEWART

THE world of literature is of many states—some sovereign, some dependent—empires and kingdoms, duchies and palatinates. As in feudal Europe, the boundaries of these states are often ill-defined and shifting, and their allegiances divided. Drama, for instance, lies partly in poetry, partly in prose—like a medieval Burgundy, sprawled half within France, half within the Empire. For present purposes, however, let us consider that literature consists of three great domains. Toward the one horizon lies poetry; toward the other, non-fiction prose with its feudatories, such as the essay, history, and biography. Between, lies the third great domain—prose fiction, the novel.

Non-fiction prose and poetry meet only along a short boundary-line; this line is moreover amply furnished with natural barriers; accordingly, in this sector even frontier incidents are rare.

Non-fiction prose and the novel meet upon a long frontier, and there we have seen in our own times some skirmishing and raiding back and forth. Occasionally a book which is really one masquerades as the other—successfully for a time, or perhaps indefinitely. There have been "fictionalized" biographies, and popular histories, often written by novelists, which have employed some of the methods of the novel. We have also had historical novels with long and heavy prefaces stating the years of research behind the book, and its accuracy, and even listing the authorities, documentary and otherwise. One novel, ("Citizens," by Meyer Levin) has an appendix of seven pages called A Note on Method letting us know in some detail the way in which fact and fiction have been mingled; for another novel (Kenneth Roberts's "Arundel") a separate volume of sources has been published. Nevertheless, between nonfictional and fictional prose the warfare of late years has been a matter of border raids, not invasions.

In the last twenty years the large-scale warfare has been between the novel and poetry. The significance of this action and even its existence seems largely to have escaped the critics and historians of literature. Perhaps for this reason I should make my allegory, not open warfare, but fifth-column activity, or even peaceful penetration. (As we know, such methods can be highly effective.) Actually what seems to me to have happened is that in the last twenty years a long-established balance of power in the world of literature has been overthrown to an extent no less than catastrophic. That comparatively new state, the novel, has advanced upon the ancient kingdom of poetry, and reduced it almost to impotence. It has done so by getting control over, and using for its own ends, the traditional weapons—techniques—of poetry.

LET us look into the history of these two kingdoms. The prose novel began about two centuries ago. It originated, in its technique at least, as an offshoot or colony of non-fiction narrative. The early novelists (such as Defoe) frequently purported to be writing non-fiction, and even when novels were definitely recognized for what they really were, novelists kept up the old pretense to some extent, as may be seen in such titles as "Tom Jones: or, the History of a Foundling." There had been early novels in verse such as "Troilus and Criseyda," but the modern novel did not stem from this root. If it had, modern literature would have had a startlingly different history.

But, stemming from non-fiction, the novel must first of all appear real, and so deliver a plain, unvarnished tale; if "Robinson Crusoe" had indulged in poetic tricks of narrative, it would certainly never have been accepted as the story of a shipwrecked seaman. The novel, in fact, continued throughout two centuries mainly to employ the techniques of non-fiction as already established in the essay, biography, and history. The novel was logical, generally chronological, and (as compared with poetry at least) realistic. The novel was in a word, literally—prosaic.

As to the beginnings of poetry no one can speak with certainty, but nonfiction narrative most likely played little part. More probably poetry originated from ritual, music, and the dance, or in combination with them. Certainly throughout its history poetry has been a highly stylized art; it has paid little attention to logic, in technique as in subject-matter it has been highly imaginative, and by its very structure of meter it has never been colloquial or linguistically realistic.

Because the novel originated from the non-fiction side there was in the eighteenth century no appreciable confusion between the novel and poetry. Nor indeed was there much in the nineteenth century. The two realms were separated, as we shall see, by no natural boundary, but each side kept to its well defined line of trenches and a broad no-man's land lay between. There were occasional raids under restless captains, as when a Melville led out from one side or a Whitman from the other. These raids served to demonstrate the lack of a natural barrier, but in general the two realms kept their distance.

In the decade of 1910, however, poetry suddenly went on the offensive with what we call the free-verse movement. The details of the attack I pass over; after initial successes it was a complete failure. Moreover, and this

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is my principal thesis, since 1920 the novel has been continuously victorious. Poetry, defeated in the open, was no longer strong enough to hold even its old trench-line, but driven back in rout lost to the enemy its fortifications, its reserve artillery, and even its munition-plants far behind the original lines. In fact about all that poetry now possesses strictly to itself undisputed is the exhausted original home-land of rhyme and strict metrical form, from whose dominance the poets of the free-verse movement were most interested in saving themselves.

Let us now examine these spoils—these new techniques which the novelists have learned to use and which, in many instances certainly, they have taken over from the poets. I here assume—or if I did not assume it, I feel that the following discussion would be in itself a demonstration—that the traditional differences between prose-fiction and poetry amount to more than the difference between metrical and non-metrical composition.

1) The first of the techniques which I shall mention may seem—I do not believe that it really is—somewhat minor in itself; but it is at least concrete enough for a good demonstration.

As far back as we can trace, since writing was invented, the poet has had a feeling for print (or calligraphy) as a medium. Print set off his lines and his stanzas; by means of print he emphasized his rhythms and his rhymes; his blank verse and, even more, his free verse gained greatly from its manner of visual presentation, and in some instances could scarcely (for a reader) have existed without. Such a unit as the Spenserian stanza became a much more effective device when the white space following it was a signal to the reader that the unit was completed and that the emphasis of the whole stanza was therefore probably to culminate in that line.

ON the other hand, early novelists paid small attention to print; if the words were all there for the muster, he cared little how their companies were marshaled. Even sprightly Jane Austen thought nothing of a solid page of print without even a paragraph-break. But in late years the practice has changed radically. I do not refer primarily to the work of such experimentalists as E. E. Cummings and Waldo Frank, or even John Dos Passos; I base my belief first of all upon the nearly universal employment of the paragraph—usually a rather short paragraph—as a technical, artistic unit. The novelist has learned that the paragraph need not be considered primarily a division of thought—in spite of what our textbooks of composition still commonly teach. The very break in the page serves as a psychological stimulus to the reader. When Alice made her famous remark about disliking a book without conversation, her opinion was probably determined to a large extent by the conventional practice in her time of setting conversation in numerous paragraphs—in great contrast to the discouraging, page-long paragraphs of straight narrative. But now, even without conversation, two or three paragraph-breaks to the page are about the general rule. The paragraph thus (somewhat like the stanza) is made a rhythmical unit.

IN addition—and this is very important for the practical writer—the beginning and end of every paragraph offer points of emphasis. Those (particularly the end) are the places at which something may be stated unusually well. A sentence in the middle of a paragraph is buried, and so within limits the potential effectiveness of writing increases with the number of paragraphs.

Moreover, the modern novelist has learned to bind his paragraphs together into larger and still larger artistic units by means of various sectionalizing devices. The commonest of these devices are the ellipsis, the space, and the space with asterisks, a section-mark, or a numeral. In the typical older novel one finds the only subdivisions to be the chapter and the paragraph.

At the same time has come in the novel a larger use of such devices as italics, upper-case, and marks of punctuation. In the last few years—certainly—the novelist has taken over a traditional poetic technique by becoming print-conscious.

2) Traditionally, the poet has left much to the imagination. To quote, for instance, from a recent essay by William Rose Benét: "From time immemorial its [poetry's] virtues have been condensed expression and the elimination of unnecessary elaboration and obvious commentary." The poet thus has concentrated upon the points of high intensity, and simply omitted much that went between.

Traditionally, the novelist has somewhat slavishly maintained the thread of narrative. If in an old-time novel a man remarks, "I am going to get my hair cut," we may expect to be told that the man went downstairs, through the door, along the street, into the barber shop, and so forth. But in a modern novel the original remark is likely to be followed by a paragraph or other break in the printing, and

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Armistice

AFTERMATH: MEN OF GOOD WILL —VOLUME NINE. By Jules Romains. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 435 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GILBERT HIGHET

WITH "Verdun," Jules Romains reached a major climax in his gigantic novel. Verdun over, the war was won. Other battles remained; but they were in essence the same, and need not be described. For the author of a long historical novel, the next problem was the same as for each of his characters: how to readjust himself to the peace. Which of the many possible worlds was he to re-enter?

A private world. When the uniforms were taken off, people began to look different. The more different they were, the more one noticed them. All the loud-mouthed follies of 1900-1914 reappeared, now shouting with a hysterical shrillness which had, in its very violence, a kind of authority. The rest of us sank into obscure peace: anything to reconstruct the spirit into which the groans and commands had sunk too deeply.

The private worlds of the first postwar years are the subject of Romains's new volume. Those years were, if you remember, anti-climactic; so is the book—if it is not read in its due place within the general framework of "Men of Good Will." Those who waited to start until "Verdun" will be stopped by "Aftermath." But Romains knows of such people, and has determined not to cater to them. It is still, perhaps, too early too discuss the relation between part and whole in "Men of Good Will"; but it is clear that there are no independent units, only organic parts, within it. Therefore "Aftermath," if read alone, would seem to be a rather disjointed pair of novels about 1918-1919. Each of them, within the main scheme, is a large episode in the life of a major character, with short glimpses into the lives of others. They are memorable. They are highly significant. They carry on the lives of our acquaintances in ways which we could never have imagined. But they are not independent works of art.

Volume 17 (IX, 1), "Vorge against Quinette," is mainly about the diabolical bookseller we met in Volume 1. He became a murderer, enjoyed the power, terror, and release of murder, and continued to murder more and more and more. He is the passive focus of the novel. The active character is a young irrational poet called Vorge, a sort of suede-shoed Rimbaud, who is made much more solid and credible than such poets usually are, even by themselves. He is an Armistice artist. He knows Lautréamont's anti-God poetry (see *transition* 17); he adores lower-middle-class shop-windows which display startling Picassoid collections of disconnected objects; he has persecution-mania, and elicits or creates extraordinary tales about the secret societies which perhaps honeycomb Paris; he loves protest, anarchy, murder. So he either invents or discovers Quinette. He makes him a saint, as the surrealists later sanctified the two housemaids who did the extraordinary double murder at Le Mans; he treats him as a Mahatma, an inspiration, a mystical Leader; and at last, to rival and convince him, he perpetrates a shocking sexual murder in his little bourgeois store. But of course he bungles it, and the lady not only recovers, but—

Volume 18 is about Jallez, the most broadly sensitive of Romains's characters. He has retired to Nice to rebuild his world after the war, to write, and to rest. But most of the book is concerned not with his writing, or even with his active thoughts, but with his leisure time. At leisure, first casually, and then with the compulsion with which one pursues a sport, he makes love to a pretty working girl from the old town. She becomes his mistress; he is deeply grateful; but he carefully avoids saying "I love you," and retails the problem of the seduction to a nice married woman with an unsympathetic husband. A little conflict arises, and is resolved by his escape to the League of Nations, which is just getting founded.

During the war, Jallez was a conscientious objector, and supervised the repair of army boots, rather than defend his country. Even allowing for the frequency of cads like Montherlant's Costals in post-war France, he is not meant to be an admirable character, as most reviewers tend to imagine him. The two novels run together, to show the viciousness of the bad and the selfishness of the weak in the diastole which comes after the great effort. With a tubercular anxiety to preserve his own independence, Jallez deserts the charming Antonia as he has deserted another charming girl; her love for him does not even fertilize his writing; and the only good that comes from the affair is the enchantment it brings to Antonia herself. Her rich but temporary happiness is a parallel to the profound but blundering wickedness inspired by Quinette in the former volume. In this atmosphere of frustration and self-sacrifice, the book ends.

The Quai D'Anjou, Ile St. Louis. (From "A Wanderer in Woodcuts," by H. Glintenkamp.)

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Stereopticons to A War

THE WOUNDED DON'T CRY. By Quentin Reynolds. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1941. 253 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LINTON WELLS

FOR many years, I have respected Quentin Reynolds as a good reporter and have admired the facility with which he writes. With the facts in hand, he can fly through the words with the greatest of ease and nowhere is there more vivid evidence of this ability than in "The Wounded Don't Cry."

"The Wounded Don't Cry" is a highlighted, integrated series of articles which Quent wrote for *Collier's* as the correspondent of that magazine in Europe and England from May 10, 1940 until just recently, when he returned home for a breathing spell. These articles have been deftly connected to give you an unforgettable picture of indomitable people existing and dying—but never crying—under the soul-searing lash of war. It is at once a prose poem of human capacity to endure punishment for an ideal, a savage indictment of brute force, and the chronicle of a brilliant reporter's experiences and reactions under fire.

In Paris, where he arrived in May, 1940, Reynolds passed himself off as a relative of President Roosevelt and bluffed the inept censor into giving him credentials to go to the front. During the weeks that followed, he was with the fighting men of France and learned to admire the way they conducted themselves. For the politicians who let them down, he has only the utmost contempt. He saw Paris die and France collapse. You will never forget the story of his and other refugees' flight from Paris to Tours to Bordeaux.

"It seemed the better part of valor to run like hell. We ran."

After escaping to England aboard a Dutch freighter, Quent bluffed his way ashore with double talk and settled down in London. His impressions of that period coincide with those now being voiced by Winston Churchill and other British leaders.

> We thought the invasion would come any day. It will always be a mystery why Hitler allowed England to catch her breath. If he had followed Dunkirk with an invasion he would now be eating his carrots and beets in the Dorchester or the Savoy. . . . A lot of us think that England won the war at Dunkirk. She lost about 35,000 men. She should have lost 350,000 men. Nothing as bad as Dunkirk ever happened to an army before.

Reynolds took time out to visit Eire and learn Irish reasons for not joining Britain as an ally. Then he returned to London to join his "neighbors" in enduring Hitlermade hell on earth. From this point on, he tells you why and how they are enduring it.

The Why is because the Englishman "thinks that his personal liberty is the most important thing in the world"; because "they are very brave . . . and confident that the country will win the war."

The How is that "in France people used to freeze with terror or apathetically wait for the worst," whereas "the English either get mad as hell or annoyed."

Quent convincingly illustrates this magnificent spirit by introducing you to the fighting lads of the RAF and the Royal Navy, with whom he drank and slept and went through raids; to the undaunted millions who live underground, "not cowering with fear, but crouching for safety"; to the women ambulance drivers, the fire wardens, and other ARP workers, gallantly protecting their homeland.

He takes you into Suburbia—to the equivalent of 30 miles from New York or Chicago or Detroit or Los Angeles. His picture of life there is an interesting preview "of what life will be in suburban America should war come."

In fact, Quentin Reynolds's report from a ringside seat at the greatest fight ever staged should serve to arouse a still lethargic America to decisive action against the monstrous totalitarian force which is threatening us no less than it is torturing England. "The Wounded Don't Cry" is tremendously important.

Quentin Reynolds

WAR LETTERS FROM BRITAIN. Edited by Diana Forbes-Robertson and Roger W. Straus, Jr. Foreword by Vincent Sheean. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1941. 252 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PHYLLIS BENTLEY

IT has been a curious experience for me, after a protracted crossing of the Atlantic which made that ocean seem very large and Europe very far away, to meet almost as soon as I reached New York this collection of war letters, which render so vividly and so accurately the very air, the taste and color, the spirit and the matter, of life in Britain today. A curious experience, but a very heartening one; these letters, read at a distance which gives them perspective and in a place where the happenings they describe are almost incredibly strange, make me rather prouder of my fellow-countrymen than I was before. I was quite considerably proud of them before, I may say, and even in the austere columns of this journal I'm not going to pretend otherwise.

The letters indeed form an amazing collection, thoroughly representative both as regards writers and subjects, and dealing with topics of burning contemporary interest. The writers range from such celebrities as the Archbishop of York, Myra Hess, John Gielgud, Rebecca West, Ernest Bevin, and a Harley Street doctor, through unnamed airmen, housewives, naval officers, schoolmasters, chauffeurs, and BBC announcers, to a ten-year old boy and a nine-year old girl, who in spite of their age have been in the battle and display the insouciance of hardened veterans. Some of these letters have been written in thanks to American organizations providing ambulances, woollen knitwear, and other useful bundles; some are business letters to the writers' opposite members in the American scene; most are written to relatives and friends—the young airman to his aunt, the elderly housewife to her counterpart in Ohio. The result is a remarkable cross-section of British life in war-time, all the more significant because taken at random. (This phrase is a joke in Britain nowadays, since the German attribution of Random as the name of a bombed London suburb—you can read an account of the incident within.)

And what do the letters talk about? Rations and black-out, evacuation and splinter-proof curtains, Home Guards and A.R.P. services, raids and how to

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Foundations of Prejudice

A REVIEW BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

FOUNDATIONS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Houston Stewart Chamberlain. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1911. *2 vols.* $10.

The Saturday Review herewith presents another in its occasional series of Coincidental Commentaries. This book review by Theodore Roosevelt, then the President of the American Historical Association, appeared thirty years ago in the magazine *The Outlook.*

MR. H. S. CHAMBERLAIN'S work on "The Foundations of the Nineteenth Century" is a noteworthy book in more ways than one. It is written by an Englishman who has been educated on the Continent, and has lived there until he is much more German than English. Previously he had written a book in French, while this particular book was written in German, and has only recently been translated into English. It ranks with Buckle's "History of Civilization," and still more with Gobineau's "Inégalité des Races Humaines," for its brilliancy and suggestiveness and also for its startling inaccuracies and lack of judgment. A witty English critic once remarked of Mitford that he had all the qualifications of an historian—violent partiality and extreme wrath. Mr. Chamberlain certainly possesses these qualifications in excess, and, combined with a queer vein of the erratic in his temperament, they almost completely offset the value of his extraordinary erudition, extending into widely varied fields, and of his occasionally really brilliant inspiration. He is, however, always entertaining; which is of itself no mean merit, in view of the fact that most serious writers seem unable to regard themselves as serious unless they are also dull.

Mr. Chamberlain's thesis is that the nineteenth century, and therefore the twentieth and all future centuries, depend for everything in them worth mentioning and preserving upon the Teutonic branch of the Aryan race. He holds that there is no such thing as a general progress of mankind, that progress is only for those whom he calls the Teutons, and that when they mix with or are intruded upon by alien and, as he regards them, lower races, the result is fatal. Much that he says regarding the prevalent loose and sloppy talk about the general progress of humanity, the equality and identity of races, and the like, is not only perfectly true, but is emphatically worth considering by a generation accustomed, as its forefathers for the preceding generations were accustomed, to accept as true and useful thoroughly pernicious doctrines taught by well-meaning and feeble-minded sentimentalists; but Mr. Chamberlain himself is quite as fantastic an extremist as any of those whom he derides, and an extremist whose doctrines are based upon foolish hatred is even more unlovely than an extremist whose doctrines are based upon foolish benevolence.

Mr. Chamberlain's hatreds cover a wide gamut. They include Jews, Darwinists, the Roman Catholic Church, the people of southern Europe, Peruvians, Semites, and an odd variety of literary men and historians. To this sufficiently incongruous collection of antipathies he adds a much smaller selection of violent attachments, ranging from imaginary primitive Teutons and Aryans to Immanuel Kant, and Indian theology, metaphysics, and philosophy—he draws sharp distinctions between all three, and I merely use them to indicate his admiration for the Indian habit of thought, an admiration which goes hand in hand with and accentuates his violent hatred for what most sane people regard as the far nobler thought contained, for instance, in the Old Testament. He continually contradicts himself, or at least uses words in such diametrically opposite senses as to convey the effect of contradiction; and so it would be possible to choose phrases of his which contradict what is here said; but I think that I give a correct impression of his teaching as a whole.

AS he touches lightly on an infinitely varied range of subjects, it would be possible to choose almost at random passages to justify what is said above. Take, for instance, his dogmatic assertions concerning faith and works. He frantically condemns the doctrine of salvation by works and frantically exalts the doctrine of salvation by faith. Much that he says about both doctrines must be taken in so mystical and involved a sense that it contains little real meaning to ordinary men. Yet he is also capable of expressing, on this very subject, noble thought in a lofty manner. In one of his sudden lapses into brilliant sanity he emphasizes the fact that Saint Francis of Assisi was faith incorporate and yet the special apostle of good works; and that Martin Luther, the advocate of redemption by faith, consecrated his life and revealed to others the secret of good work—"free works done only to please God, not for the sake of piety."

Unfortunately, these brilliant lapses into sanity are fixed in a matrix of fairly bedlamite passion and non-sanity. Mr. Chamberlain jeers with reason at the Roman Curia because until 1822 it kept on the Index all books which taught that the earth went round the sun; but really such action is not much worse than that of a man professing to write a book like this at the outset of the twentieth century who takes the attitude Mr. Chamberlain does toward the teaching of Darwin. The acceptance of the fundamental truths of evolution are quite as necessary to sound scientific thought as the acceptance of the fundamental truths concerning the solar system; and the attempt that Mr. Chamberlain in one place makes to draw a distinction between them is fantastic.

Again, take what Mr. Chamberlain says of Aryans and Teutons. He bursts the flood-gates of scorn when he deals with persons who idealize humanity, or, as he styles it, "so-called humanity"; and he says: "For this humanity about which man has philosophized to such an extent suffers from the serious defect that it does not exist at all. History reveals to us a great number of various human beings, but no such thing as humanity"; yet on this very page he attributes the history of the growth of our civilization to its "Teutonic" character, and he uses the word "Teuton" as well as the word "Aryan" with as utter a looseness and vagueness as ever any philanthropist or revolutionist used the word "humanity."

All that he says in derision of such a forced use of the word "humanity" could with a much greater percentage of truthfulness be said as regards the words and ideas symbolized by Teutonism and Aryanism as Mr. Chamberlain uses these terms. Indeed, as he uses them they amount to little more than expressions of his personal likes and dislikes. His statement of the raceless chaos into which the Roman Empire finally lapsed is, on the whole, just, and, to use the words continually

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KNOWLEDGE AND THE IMAGE

THOSE who recall the days when the cross-word puzzle was in the first flush of its popularity will remember the amusing expansion of vocabularies which resulted from its vogue. Words long since unused or obsolescent suddenly came back, if not to currency, to general knowledge, and creatures once known only to scientists became the familiars of the fireside. It would be interesting if the rapid multiplication of radio quiz programs were similarly to build up acquaintance with the background of myth, legend, and classical and biblical personality once so universally drawn on by imaginative writers and now for so many years useless without a gloss for the general reader.

There was a time when the writer could assume on the part of his public a familiarity with the connotations of a classical reference or a scriptural epithet, and so possessed a short cut to description—at once highly convenient and highly effective. The rise of science and the practical arts, which diverted emphasis from cultural backgrounds, and the democratization of education which expanded the reading public from the literary to the merely literate, changed all that. When education became the right of the many, information became the possession of the few, and the writer, if he would be understood, had to slough off the allusions which had hitherto served as tessellation to his writing. When "Hesperus and his daughters three That sing about the golden tree" ceased to carry their implications for the readers of poetry, the poets perforce abandoned them.

There has been, of course, in recent years, a substitute for the evocative means which the author lost when writing came down into the market place, for the motion picture has substituted for the older framework of reference a new background on which the writer can rely to give color to his work. Take, for instance, the novelist. In older days he was forced to spend infinite pains on depicting the scene of his story, since he was writing for a public which was little travelled and had no personal knowledge of what he portrayed. The descriptions of scenery which seem so interminable to us today in a Scott or a Cooper were essential to a generation which could picture the Scottish Highlands or the Adirondack wilderness only through the eyes of another, just as costumes of women of society could only be known to women of humbler birth through the delineation of the writer.

But today the dweller in the smallest hamlet needs only mention of the Himalayas or cursory reference to a style to be able to provide a realistic setting for a narrative. Far better than any words of the writer could, the screen has made familiar and vivid foreign scenes and distant persons and communities. Peoples and villages, costumes, songs, customs, the very noises of the streets and sounds of the forest in any part of the world, are actual to the public in any other. It is small wonder that our contemporary novels have in great part grown crisper, more rapid-paced, more staccato than those that preceded them. It is the historical novel, or the novel of psychological purport, which today is likely to be lengthy. Our present, when it becomes the past to future generations, will need no descriptions of its physical aspects to make it familiar to them. They will have seen it in its habit as it lived, on the screen. But the great past for us is still an unpictured period, and our historical novelists are still under necessity of recreating it by wealth of detail. It would be interesting to know whether the historical romance which some time in the future will project our day for as yet unborn readers will run a brief course or a long one.

To come back to radio programs. They have an immense potential educational value aside from the direct information they impart when designed for that purpose. The quizzes which play upon the competitive interest of the listeners not only serve as entertainment but as a quickener of memory and a stimulant to study. Hundreds must have turned from them in shame-faced recognition of their own inadequacy to consult encyclopedias or pick up histories. Hundreds must have heard imparted over them facts which lent sudden illumination to something read and only partly apprehended. Those critics of American life who see in the movie and the radio foes of reading have reason to wonder whether perhaps they may not prove in the long run powerful aids to it.

A. L.

Thoughts on a Recent Form of Literature

By Margaret Widdemer

THERE ought to be a Bull, or Proctor,
To check these books about a Doctor.

Doctors Galahad, Bradley, Roger,
The Doctor's Date, the Doctor's Lodger,
The Doctor's Villa, Buggy, Jungles,
(Oddly, never The Doctor Bungles)
The Doctor's Odysseys, Citadels:
The Doctor's Silent; The Doctor Tells:
The Doctor Remembers: The Doctor Forgets:
The Doctor's Dog and his other pets:
The Doctor's Son; the Doctor's Wife:
The Doctor Looks at Love and Life:

(They're all as noble as can be;
Not one of them would split a fee
Or yank a passing tonsil out
Upon a merry sporting doubt
Or leave retractors in your tummy
Through lightheart haste to bridge or rummy.)

They're charming books—yes, that's quite clear—
But, Doctor, I've been sold the idea.

The one called "Doctor, Here's your Hat—"
Couldn't we leave the thing at that?

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Meaning and Criticism

SIR:—I have just read for the third time Elizabeth Jackson's essay, "Poetry and Poppycock" [*SRL,* Jan. 25]. There is a question at the end of this essay, and now I want to ask some questions of my own, with tentative answers appended that may constitute a reply to Miss Jackson.

1.) Is it poetry that inspires criticism? From what I know of poets at work today, criticism and critical ideals seem to influence and inspire them.

2.) Did Mr. Graves and/or Mr. MacNeice say that the "horses under the axle-tree" referred *only* to the Graeco-Roman image of the sun, or *only* to the gondola carvings? I can't get to a library now for the specific answer to this, but I (in my innocence?) was always delighted with the lines quoted because I thought they were intended to rouse both those and many other associations in my mind, or in the mind of any other receptive reader, all at once.

3.) Is any line of poetry intended to have only one meaning? What does "Brightness falls from the air" mean? Or, for that matter, a more "allusive" line from the same poem, "Lord, have mercy on us?" After we leave college, no one dictates our reading, or our interpretation of it. No one asks us for final answers about it, though good poetry asks many questions, and expects many answers. "Allusive" writters are usually more than a little learned, but I believe that the best of them, Mr. Eliot, for instance, expect more comprehension than learning of their readers. It is almost impossible to write even a line of poetry without being "allusive." Poets today recognize that the literature of the past and of the present is as much a part of reality and life as the unpleasant historical and contemporary results of the Industrial Revolution. A good poet doesn't evade facts; he avails himself of them, and interprets them.

I agree with Miss Jackson that a great deal of modern poetry is lamentably difficult and esoteric. It irritates me that obscurity has become a cult followed by those who feel they must be in style, instead of the slightly inaccessible shrine of those whose convictions and extremes of sincerity demand expression as complex and forbidding as the realities among which we manage to live. It's too bad that we can't tell where we'll come out at the end of a poem printed in one of the little intellectual poetry sheets today, but the only way to circumvent that uncertainty lies with the editors, not the critics. Meanwhile, I have learned always from the poetry of the past that, no matter how many allusions I track down, I can never understand *all* of a poem. Our understanding of a really deep and stirring poem can never be complete until we die, and so stop receiving new associations. We want editors to give us not so much poetry with fewer allusions, as poetry that won't die before we do.

I really want to know. I've been working for two weeks on a critical tour de force called "Sophocles and Dorothy Sayres," and the title shocks my friends, so that I know Miss Jackson speaks for a large and intelligent group. I want to know what criterion lets Milton in, and keeps Conan Doyle out.

I have one unanswered question, which I hope you or Miss Jackson will answer for me: what do you mean by "criticism"?

EMILY MOSSER TOMPKINS.
Brooklyn, N. Y.

"This room holds the entire first edition of my poems—I managed to corner the market."

Hemingway and Spanish

SIR:—I have read Mr. Hemingway's book with whoops of joy, not only because I think its a fine work, but also because I feel that a great part of it has been written, or at least thought, in Spanish.

What makes the book so extraordinarily powerful is that it swings with remarkable ease from English to Spanish and back to English and to Spanish. When Robert thinks of his grandfather, or describes what he sees, he thinks and writes in English. But as soon as Robert thinks of the Spaniards around him, he becomes Roberto. The dialogue with Pablo, with Pilar; the tender moments with Maria, and talks with Anselmo and El Sordo and other Spaniards, give me the impression that Hemingway thought this in Spanish, and as he was pounding his typewriter he transcribed it all directly into English.

The use of the word "obscenity" is a master stroke, even though it is a pale word. It takes place of rows of dots in English books. The reader of English knows what those dots stand for, but as far as "For Whom the Bell Tolls," Mr. Hemingway is safe, because very few English-language readers are truly at home in Spanish profanity. The curious reader MAY find a few of these words in a dictionary, especially some of the words which he writes in Spanish towards the end of the book—but he will only find a few of them. Some of the most expressive expressions are below the dignity of austere compilers of dictionaries, and you can only learn them if you live with the people; by which I mean, those who work the fields, those who drive oxen and mules, repair automobiles and do other hard jobs where honest cussing acts as a safety valve.

As this book stands now it gets some of its force and "style" from the fact that the author has written most of it in Spanish.

It would be intensely interesting if Hemingway himself would translate this book into Spanish. Only he could do it. And if he should do so I suspect that the parts of the book which will impress the Spanish-language reader, will be those related to Robert, and not those concerned with Roberto. No reviewer, no critic who does not know thoroughly the Spanish profane can fully realize the magnificence of this book.

FRANS BLOM.
New Orleans,
Louisiana.

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The Janus of Nations

THE DUAL STATE: A Contribution to the Theory of Dictatorship. By Ernst Fraenkel. New York: Oxford University Press. 1941. 208 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by MAX LERNER

THIS remarkable book will not be easy reading for the layman. But it is important reading for the lawyer, the political thinker, the student of Nazi Germany as a phenomenon and of Nazi thought and institutions. Mr. Fraenkel was a practising attorney in Germany before Hitler's advent to power, and represented some of the large trade-unions which formed the foundation of German Social Democracy. He somehow managed to stay on until 1938, and during that period was close to the workings of the German legal and political machines. He had access to the decrees of the government, the speeches made by officials, the discussions in learned and party journals.

It would be interesting to know how he got his manuscript out of Germany. Not that it is outwardly sensational. It is not an expose, not a "now it can be told" book, not a dramatic recital of hairbreadth escapes. It is written in the most cumbersome language of political and legal theory and sociology, barbarous alike whether in German or English. But it is a cold and dispassionate analysis of the implications of the Nazi political regime which may—if our world survives long enough to digest such implications—prove more withering in the long run than many of the outright indictments.

The main thesis of the book is that Nazi Germany has two political systems rather than one, and is therefore a "dual state." One system is the "normative state," which is roughly the administrative system and the law courts of Nazi Germany, consisting of a bureaucracy which, while it often has broad discretionary powers, operates within a defined jurisdiction—business, labor, contracts, economic control, the performance of the everyday functions of government. The second system is the "prerogative state," which is concerned not with administrative or legal matters but with matters of political power and policy. Unlike the normative state, its jurisdiction cannot be clearly defined, and it can enter any situation and impose its will for reasons of political policy. Its chief organs are the Gestapo and the Nazi Party. The normative state is not what we have become accustomed to think of as the rule of law, or what German constitutional liberals once thought of as the *Rechtstaat:* it is merely that realm of the state in which the Nazi rulers find it convenient to have decisions regularized. But at any time and at any point this regularity can be replaced by arbitrary power on the part of the party officials or the secret police.

One may ask, "Is not such a contradiction a fatal weakness in the Nazi state, and how is it resolved if at all?" To this Dr. Fraenkel gives a clear answer. He distinguishes between the dual state and the dualistic state. The dualistic state, like that of the English monarchy, is one in which two forces (*e.g.,* king and people) strive for dominance and achieve some equilibrium. The dual state, on the other hand, does not in any sense represent any division in ultimate power. Both its parts are under the direct and absolute control of Hitler and are made to conform to National Socialist ideology—*i.e.,* to the directives of the small group ruling Nazi Germany today.

There are a host of other questions that the book raises, for it is as rich in marginal suggestiveness as it is complex and subtle in its analysis. Harold Laski, in his remarkable chapter on the Nazi system in "Where Do We Go From Here?", makes two interesting suggestions. One is that the Nazi regime is a lawless regime, a regime of gangsterism; and that it must be a lawless regime because Hitler and his ruling group cannot possibly subject themselves to the laws of their own nation without having their power limited at some point and without therefore risking restriction and downfall. Fraenkel's analysis bears this out with a wealth of detail. And it explains why, in essence, the Nazi leaders must not only reject the constitutional doctrine of a government which is a government of laws and not of men, but also the centuries-old doctrine of natural law which provides some fixed criteria for the actual legal decisions of the state.

There is another suggestion that Laski makes that is not born out by Fraenkel's analysis. Laski insists that the efforts of scholars to seek the intellectual roots of the Nazi ideology in the German and European history of ideas in past centuries is futile and unwise; that the Nazi game has been to capture power first and then adopt an ideology after the fact, and that for us to seek in intellectual history for the beginnings of Nazi ideas is to play into their hands. I do not agree, and I am fortified in my viewpoint by Fraenkel's study. For his book is rich with references to Machiavelli, Hegel, Sorel, and a whole host of lesser and more recent thinkers in whom the beginnings of the theory of the dual state may already be detected. And he points out also the striking differences between nineteenth-century legal institutions and those of England in respect to the rule of law.

If one reader may draw from this book his own conclusions for his own fighting faith, they would be that the struggle against Nazism is a struggle for the very foundations of social order, whether they be considered from a liberal or Marxian standpoint; that the Nazi state, despite its contradictions, will not fall of its own weight but must be overthrown; and that the democratic state of the future, whatever its economic or social constitution, must provide viable forms for a continuation of the rule of law, for a strong state which does not take over a monopoly of conscience and which, for all its strength, protects the meanest citizen against the arbitrary power of its officials.

This uncaptioned cartoon by Low was drawn and published four years ago.

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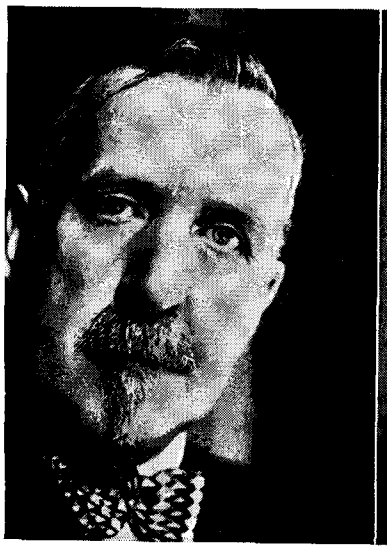
BEARDS AND AUTHORS

HERE are some authors and their beards, constituting random evidence of a not-unnoticed trend in contemporary literary history. With one exception, they fit into various hirsutian categories, beginning with the photograph immediately below at the left and continuing in a numbered progression to the bottom of the page. The one exception is Christopher Morley, at right, who is in a class by himself.

Some of these beards are new; that is, new in the sense that they have entered the world of dimension. Others have been in evidence for some time, although a few have undergone some slight revisions. In publishing these photographs, the editors hereby absolve themselves of any responsibility for last-minute trims or changes. Another note: the fact that a beardless face was good enough for George Washington is not of course to be construed as any reflection upon the persons or arborescences on this page.

No category this. Christopher Morley deserves a classification all his own. (So would most authors if they could have a reserved settee with Ginger Rogers.) Chris, whose beard is part rust and part sunset, meets Miss Rogers, the Kitty Foyle of the motion picture.



No. 1. Heinrich Mann's distinguished and disciplined lip beard is the smallest a beard can be and still be a beard. This hirsutian decoration can be worn by brachy- and dolicho-cephalics.

No. 2. Whit Burnett demonstrates the second category, where the beard carefully moves out to each side, but not beyond the chin itself. The trick here is to keep the beard from separating or merging into a point.

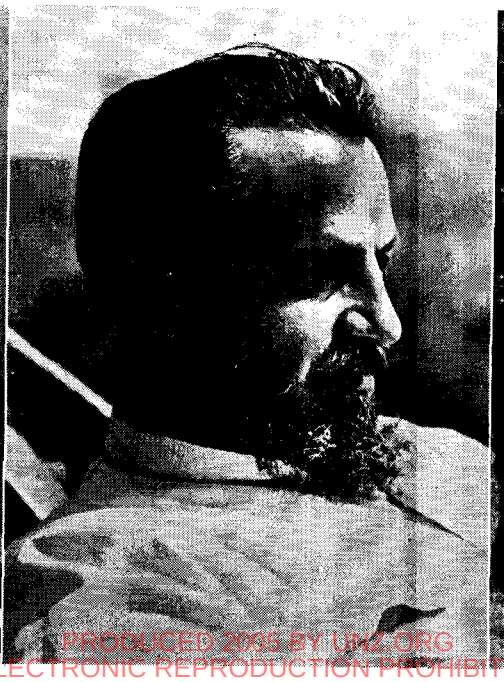
No. 3. The beard begins to come into its own with Ernest Boyd, who gives it just enough free play so that it will not require too much attention. This beard however, is still in the above-the-collar category.

No. 4. The problem of separating or pointing has been solved by John Vandercook, who chooses to separate. In this category, the beard establishes contact with the sideburns.

No. 5. This picture represents the first phase of the cover-the-collar category. Elliot Paul keeps it fairly full and wide, but not too long. This beard is popular with mystery-story writers and baritones.

No. 6. Rex Stout's beard has long been a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Stout, however, occasionally has it taken in so that it does not really represent its maximum potential.

No. 7. Here, finally, the progression comes to a full and fitting finish with T. H. White, with whom a beard is not a minor composition but a complete Brillo-ian symphony. The bird is a bald-headed eagle.



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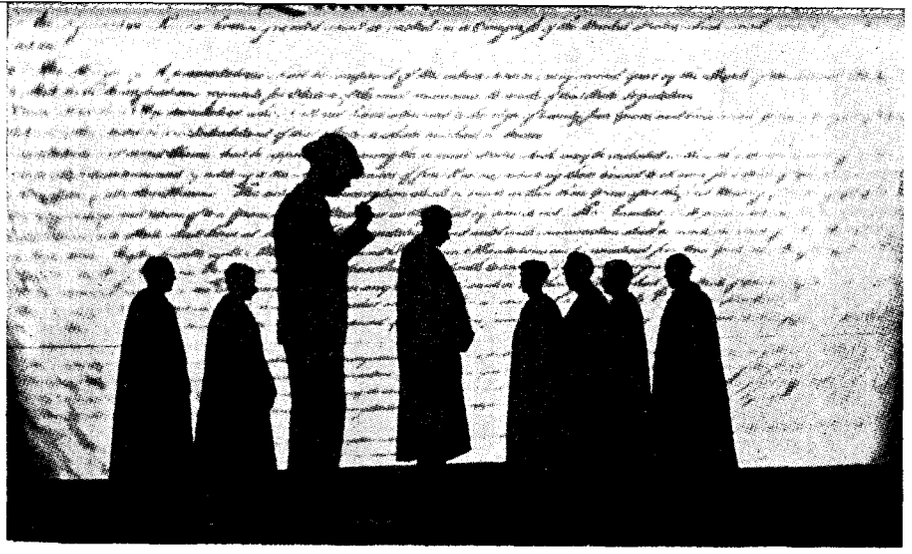

Scene from "Triple-A Plowed Under." (From "New Theatres for Old.")

The Self-Conscious Theatre

NEW THEATRES FOR OLD. By Mordecai Gorelik. New York: Samuel French Co. 1940. 553 *pp., with index.* $4.50.

Reviewed by ORSON WELLES

FOLLOWING a healthy, even hairy-chested rejection of theatre for theatre's sake, and with the passing of "agitprop," it's not unjust to remark that right now the socially conscious theatre is self-conscious theatre. "Fat parts" are now "interesting problems," and the grand old tinselled nonsense about making plays and acting in them for the fun of it is no more dated than Marxian melodrama. Today's theatre, or that part of it which counts, has grown up into a wholesome concern for its own validity as theatre, and nobody's the loser.

Inevitably this new era of self-examination has been celebrated by the appearance of theatre books—more this season than ever—all of them less rhapsodic and Rosicrucian than we've come to expect. Among these, Mordecai Gorelik's "New Theatres for Old" is the best reading. Gorelik is the most contemporary of our scene designers, and if not the most talented, at least the most intelligent, so the merits of his book are no surprise.

The stage doesn't keep its architects and painters very busy in these times, so if they're lucky, they fill up the time with excursions into industrial design—or if they love the theatre enough, they write a book about it. Theirs should be the best books because they don't deal with what happens in a playhouse so much as what is seen by the audience, one of the few aspects of the esthetics of drama concerning which it is possible to make sense. In spite of this, they usually talk the same cultish, awesome, glorious balderdash we're all guilty of in the theatre arts when we try to explain how we do it or how it should be done.

Writing about the theatre, after all, is like writing an obituary. I don't mean that the theatre is dead. It simply doesn't exist except when the curtain is up and the show is on. There is eight-thirty to eleven; there are matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays. In between there are nothing but old programs, yellowing reviews, and notes and hopes for new plays.

The similarities between the experiences obtainable in the playhouse and the church have been regularly commented upon by critics of both institutions since their establishment. Need I add to the evidence that discussions on the theatre are mostly as futile as the proverbial argument on religion? Our examinations of the stage are as murkily fervent as our affirmations of heaven. Maybe the stage is the next best thing. There's no question that it's the hardest thing to write about.

I emphasize all this because I'd like it to be clear that for anybody, even a scene designer, to have written a sensible and also an interesting book on the theatre subject is a special achievement. "New Theatres for Old" is exactly that. I'm sorry but it's never inspired and that's what we want nowadays—inspirations, but its author defines his terms with a very new lucidity, and estimates quantities and qualities and styles and symptoms with brilliance and sobriety.

Gorelik writes, of course, from the vantage point of the Group, which is as good a vantage point as any—maybe better—from whence he looks shrewdly about him, behind him and ahead. His perspectives are sharp but true; his findings are alive with enthusiasm and always opinionated enough to be valid. When a better book about the theatre is written, an actor will write it.

Orson Welles, actor, producer, and playwright, has just completed the making of the motion picture, "Citizen Kane."

Conder's Arcadia

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF CONDER. By John Rothenstein. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1941. 300 *pp., with index.* $5.

Reviewed by OLIVER LARKIN

CONDER, like Watteau before him, painted an Arcadia peopled by privileged beings. To the Englishman, the weaknesses of the "great pyramidal social order with luxury and leisure at its apex" were not visible. It was Conder's ambition, briefly fulfilled, to sit on the top of that pyramid. His early contact with Impressionism during his years in Australia provided him with means for realizing a tenuous and ethereal color vision, belatedly Romantic. The nineties found him in Montmartre, learning new forms of depravity from Lautrec, and in the perverse, brilliant, and malodorous society of Dieppe, where Symbolists, Rosicrucians, and Wagnerites gathered, and Conder met the Comtesse Castiglione, Dujardin, the Halévys, Oscar Wilde, and Aubrey Beardsley.

Rothenstein understands that Conder was and will remain a diminutive figure in the history of art, and, that a monumental, detailed monograph "would prove his reputation's tomb." These two-hundred-odd pages suggest the general character of Conder's work, and let the artist speak for himself in letters as rambling and disjointed as his life. It is perhaps worth while to evoke the nineties, where "the air is close—there are too many roses," if only for reassuring comparison with our own. The Edwardian pyramid has crumbled. What can Conder's Arcadia mean to moderns, asks Rothenstein, "a windless world, pink, jade, green, and azure, peopled by exquisite, enigmatic figures who wander in scented sunlit idleness?" Something no doubt to those who know his exquisite color, his delicate if shallow composition; but beyond this, precious little. The reader will probably conclude that Collins Baker's epithet "blowsy" describes not only Conder's form but his life. He will find it hard to share Rothenstein's belief that Conder's work will some day, after wars and revolutions, be once more savored; and he will conclude that an even thinner volume would have done justice to the painter of silk fans and over-mantels for Cadogan Gardens. The book includes a list of the artist's drawings and paintings, and a catalogue by Campbell Dodgson of his lithographs.

Oliver Larkin is in the Department of Art at Smith College.

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Tradition and the Judiciary

THE STRUGGLE FOR JUDICIAL SUPREMACY. A Study of a Crisis in American Power Politics. By Robert H. Jackson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 361 *pp., with appendix and index.* $3.

Reviewed by JAMES REID PARKER

IN the full historical sense, a definitive study of the socio-political warfare that led to the Court Reorganization Message of President Roosevelt, a dispassionate appraisal of the Message itself, and a clear view of the aftermath cannot be demanded of any writer at this point. Certainly it cannot be demanded of Robert H. Jackson, who nevertheless has chosen to interpret these events from the point of view of a major combatant. He properly implies that there are necessary omissions in his book and says, "It will be a generation before the effects of what we have done will fully unfold, and at least as long before it can be disinterestedly assessed."

The book is a beautifully contrived brief. Paragraph upon paragraph, chapter upon chapter, the book develops with the precision and dramatic persuasiveness of a well-constructed play. If Mr. Roosevelt should appoint Mr. Jackson to the Supreme Court, the literature of the law will certainly acquire an always-needed pithiness. Actually, Mr. Jackson's technique of arranging his material is almost as fascinating as the things he has to say.

This unofficial White Book of the Administration records superficially the growing tendency of the Supreme Court, after 1865, to frustrate the implied wishes of the electorate. Implied, at least, in the returning to Congress of candidates pledged to the observance of certain broad principles. It shows the Court "hesitating," in Mr. Jackson's phrase, "between two worlds;" its subsequent nullification of the New Deal; its purely political victory, chiefly made possible by Mr. Justice Roberts's defection from conservatism; and its crushing defeat, in the larger sense, which later was guaranteed for a number of years, at least, when the President had his belated opportunity to appoint men who shared his and Congress's hopes.

To this dramatic sequence Mr. Jackson adds a fine, bitter chapter, "Government by Lawsuit."

> Whether we might organize the soft coal industry, regulate labor relations, pay old-age pensions, regulate utility holding companies or have a system of unemployment insurance has depended in each instance on the outcome of a litigation. This is government by lawsuit. . . . Such proceedings may for a generation or more deprive an elected Congress of power, or may restore a lost power, or confirm a questioned one. Such proceedings may enlarge or restrict the authority of an elected President. They settle what power belongs to the Court itself and what it concedes to its "coördinate" departments.

And the last chapter of all, this one more calmly reasoned and, happily, in the Holmes-Brandeis tradition, "The Political Nature of Judicial Supremacy." Here we have a gentle intimation that equity is above law—gentle, that is, when we remember that it is Mr. Jackson who is speaking—and an admonition that the Supreme Court "can maintain itself and succeed in its tasks *only if the counsels urged most* earnestly by certain members of the Court itself are humbly and faithfully heeded." These last two chapters are all the better for not being a chronicle of the past, but for having been written with a deep sense of obligation to the present and to the future.

Not even the most chevied member of the Opposition can call this an angry book. It is inexorable, however, and faithful to the cause of a dynamic President.

Robert Jackson

James Reid Parker is the author of "Academic Procession" and is currently writing a series of stories about the law for The New Yorker.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

OPENING LINES OF FAMOUS POEMS

Here are the opening lines on ten more world-famous poems. How many of them do you recognize? Allowing 5 points if you can name the poem, and another 5 if you can recall the name of the author, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 21.

1. Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
   Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground. . . .

2. Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
   Of that forbidden tree . . .
   Sing, Heavenly Muse. . . .

3. The skies they were ashen and sober;
   The leaves they were crisped and sere. . . .

4. What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
   What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
   I sing. . . .

5. The stag at eve had drunk his fill
   Where danced the moon on Monan's rill. . . .

6. Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
   Bird thou never wert. . . .

7. A Gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
   Ycladde in mightie armes and silver shielde. . . .

8. I held it truth, with him who sings
   To one clear harp in divers tones,
   That men may rise on stepping stones
   Of their dead selves to higher things.

9. The sun that brief December day
   Rose cheerless over hills of gray. . . .

10. There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
    The earth, and every common sight
    To me did seem
    Apparelled in celestial light,
    The glory and the freshness of a dream.

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The Farmer and the U. S.

FARMERS IN A CHANGING WORLD. 1940 Yearbook of Agriculture. Washington: U. S. Department of Agriculture. 1940. 1215 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by PETER F. DRUCKER

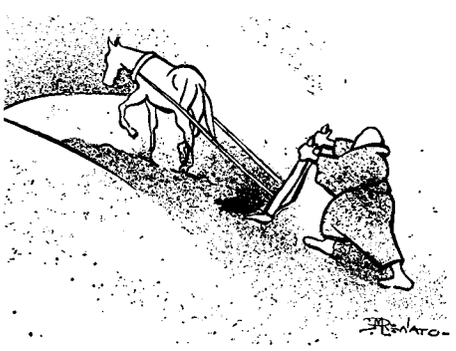
MOST people seem to feel about Government publications as did the man who sent back a blank income tax form and explained in an accompanying letter that his interest in printed matter issued by the government was confined to $100 bills. Yet the 1940 Yearbook of the Department of Agriculture should appeal to a broad public—far beyond the circle of those who are interested in agriculture and in the American farmer. Of all the ambitious Yearbooks issued during the last years by the Department of Agriculture, this is the most ambitious one; and certainly it is the most successful one. In its attempt to establish the place of the American farmer in our present-day society, the senior officials of the Department have given a comprehensive picture of present-day society, of its historical roots and its basic social, economic and cultural problems.

The volume contains discussions of technical problems of farming and forestry on the one hand, and discussions of basic philosophy on the other, a number of historical essays and some discussions of economic theory; an excellent short discourse on the basic principles of New Deal policy-making, and a discussion of the rule of the social sciences in our present society. Few readers are likely to be attracted by more than a few out of the fifty-odd signed contributions to the Yearbook; but everyone whose interest in basic social questions goes beyond newspaper headlines is certain to find at least two or three essays which will stimulate and instruct him. And the job of picking out what might be interesting to any one reader is made easy and pleasant by the admirable summary of the whole volume, and the short, clear and thoughtful introductions to each article, both provided by the Yearbook's editor, Mr. Gove Hambidge.

This reviewer's background is not sufficiently wide to pass judgment on more than a small part of the material collected in the Yearbook. It may be, it is indeed probable, that the more technical contributions are particularly valuable; but from my point of view as a city-dweller who is interested more in the basic implications than in farm economy, the following essays seem especially noteworthy: M. L. Wilson's "Beyond Economics," which contains a forceful and well-reasoned argument for a constructive conservatism; A. P. Chew's "The Meaning of Foreign Trade," which breaks new theoretical ground in easily readable and popular form; the attempt to apply the methods and findings of modern cultural anthropology to the American farm problem made by the Chicago anthropologists Robert Redfield and W. L. Warner; and the summing up of the New Deal farm policy in H. L. Tolley's essay which concludes the book. Special mention is due the historical articles which open the book and which might deserve separate reprinting as well-written, popular, and yet scholarly accounts of American social and economic history.

It is pure coincidence that this Yearbook has come out in the year in which Henry A. Wallace resigned as Secretary of Agriculture to become Vice President of the United States. The plans for the book were drawn up and most of the contributions finished many months before Mr. Wallace was nominated at last year's Democratic National Convention. Yet no more fitting memorial to Mr. Wallace's eight years in the Department of Agriculture could have been devised than this Yearbook. It was Mr. Wallace's aim to unite all departmental activities in one focus: the American farmer as a free citizen in a free society.

The Yearbook shows that in this part of his policies at least Mr. Wallace has been successful. Regardless of one's opinions on his farm policies—and some contributors to the Yearbook voice strong disapproval with some major New Deal policies—this must be regarded as a great achievement. "Farmers in a Changing World" should become a model for the way in which different disciplines can unite to attack basic social and political problems.



Drawing by Renato

GOVERNMENT AND AGRICULTURE. By Donald C. Blaisdell. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 218 *pp., with index.* $1.50.

Reviewed by RUSSELL LORD

FROM "a clerkship only" in Lincoln's first administration the federal Department of Agriculture has grown to an organization of more than 100,000 employes working part-time or full-time. More than seven-tenths of these work people out from Washington at three thousand different stations and posts afield. In his concise and illuminating book, Dr. Blaisdell explains why there are now so many agriculturists and other technicians employed by the Government, and what they do.

"Basically," he remarks in opening, "the farm problem is one of inadequate income." The Department is some seventy-eight years old. When it was founded farmers were getting about a third of the national income. By 1900 the farm share was under one-fifth. The World War ran it up to one-fifth again; then came the post-war drop. In 1920, the farmers' percentage share of the nation's income was 17.0; in 1922, 12.6; in 1926, 10.9; in 1930, 7.0. There has been some recovery since; but even now farming people, one-fourth of our population, rearing nearly one-third of the nation's children, receive less than one-tenth of the national income.

The growth of the Department and its related agricultural colleges and experiment has been, Dr. Blaisdell shows, a response to needs. His book is largely an account of the enlarged and changing responses which have grown out of and around the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, and other New Deal action agencies.

Correlation between vitamin A deficiency in adults and night-blindness, suggests the wisdom of building farm policy around a vast increase in butterfat production, and a corresponding decrease in soil-depleting crops—wheat, cotton, tobacco, corn—now surplus. Butterfat is high in vitamin A. Diets low in milk and dairy products make night blindness (subnormal dark adaptation), especially dangerous in a country having thirty million automobiles on the highways. Changing dairy feeding toward grass pasturage, high in vitamin A, would also increase the rate of soil erosion control (and) thus conceivably be made to yield improved health of the nation's two greatest assets—its people and its soil.

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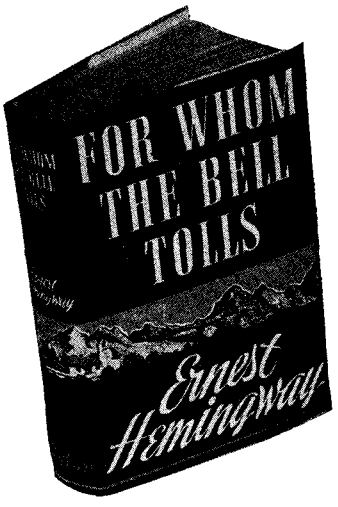

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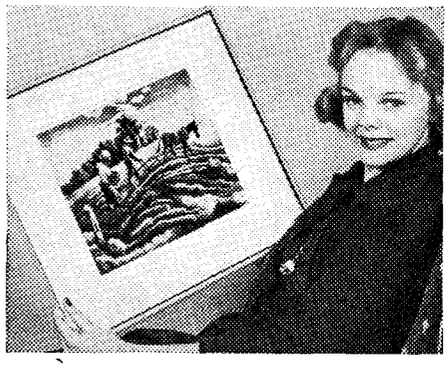

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FOUNDATIONS OF PREJUDICE

(*Continued from page 7*)

coming to one's mind in dealing with him, both brilliant and suggestive.

But in his anxiety to claim everything good for Aryans and Teutons he finally reduces himself to the position of insisting that wherever he sees a man whom he admires he must postulate for him Aryan, and, better still, Teutonic blood. He likes David, so he promptly makes him an Aryan Amorite. He likes Michael Angelo, and Dante, and Leonardo da Vinci, and he instantly says that they are Teutons; but he does not like Napoleon, and so he says that Napoleon is a true representative of the raceless chaos. The noted Italians in question, he states, were all of German origin.

Now, of course, if Mr. Chamberlain is willing to be serious with himself, he must know perfectly well that even by the time of Dante seven or eight centuries had passed, and by the time of the other great Italians he mentions eight or ten centuries had passed, since the Germanic invasion. In other words, these great Italians were separated from the days of the Gothic and Lombard invasions by the distance which separates modern England from the Norman invasion; and his thesis has just about as much substance as would be contained in the statement that Wellington, Nelson, Turner, Wordsworth, and Tennyson excelled in their several spheres because they were all pure-blood descendants of the motley crew that came in with William the Conqueror.

Nor does Mr. Chamberlain mind believing two incompatible things in the quickest possible succession if they happen to suit his philosophy of the moment. Generally, when he speaks of the Teuton he thinks of the tall, long-headed man of the north; although, because of some crank in his mind, he puts in the proviso that he may have black as well as blond hair. The round-skulled man of middle Europe he usually condemns; but if his mind happens to run with approbation toward the Tyrolese, for instance, he at once forgets what ethnic division of Europeans it is to which they belong, and accepts them as typical Teutons. He greatly admires the teaching of the Apostle Paul, and so he endeavors to persuade himself that the Apostle Paul was not really a Jew; but he does not like the teachings of the Epistle of James on the subject of good works (teachings for which I have a peculiar sympathy, by the way), and accordingly he says that James was a pure Jew.

I admire the morality with which he condemns the intolerance of Calvin and Luther no less strongly than the intolerance of their Roman opponents, and yet his acceptance of the fact that they could not have done their great work if there had not been in their characters an alloy which made it possible for actual humanity to accept teaching. But even his sense of morality is as curiously capricious as that of Carlyle himself, and as little trustworthy. He glories in the pointless and wanton barbarity of the destruction of Carthage in the Third Punic War as saving Europe from the Afro-Asiatic peril—pure nonsense, of course, for Carthage was then no more dangerous to Rome than Corinth was, and the sacks of the two cities stand on a par as regards any importance in their after effects. Perhaps his attitude toward Byron is more practically mischievous, or at least shows a much less desirable trait of character. He says that personality of Byron "has something repulsive in it for every thorough Teuton, because we nowhere encounter in it the idea of duty," which makes him "unsympathetic, un-Teutonic"; but he adds that Teutons do not object in the least to his licentiousness, and, on the contrary, see in it "a proof of genuine race!" Really, this reconciliation of a high ideal of duty with gross licentiousness would be infamous if it were not so unspeakably comic.

Now such intellectual antics as these, and the haphazard use of any kind of a name (without the least reference to its ordinary use, provided Mr. Chamberlain has taken a fancy to it) to represent or symbolize any individual or attribute of which he approves, makes it very difficult to accept the book as having any serious merit whatever.

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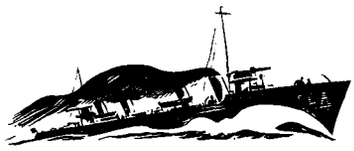

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(*Continued from page 4*)

the next words will be, "Don't use the clippers except in back."

This concentration upon "scene" rather than "summary" has given to the novel much of the intensity formerly called poetic. At the same time it has not trammeled the sweeping panoramic quality of the novel, but has rather increased it by enabling the novelist to cover more material more effectively in a given number of pages. The novel in short has thus still further abandoned the methods of the chronicle and adopted those of the epic.

3) By tradition the novelist laid formal siege to his reader. With the logic of a Vauban he made his approaches by means of an ordered, plotted narrative; he dug his parallels systematically, with sometimes painful labor he pierced his tunnels; only then did he explode his emotional petards. But the poet has always been sure that the citadel might be won by a *coup de main*. The poet has relied (in recent times perhaps too exclusively) upon the power of words and phrases, which could be suggestive, hypnotic, or almost mystical. Many poems, perhaps most poems, attain their magic, not by logical, cumulative progression, but through the vivid flashes of individual lines.

Many modern novelists have abandoned the cumulative for the immediate method. I do not mean that novelists are learning to use words better; novelists have often penned epigrams and purple passages. Modern techniques pierce deeper. Very striking is the increasing abandonment of precise plot. In the plotless novel (such as "Babbitt" or "The Sun Also Rises" or "U. S. A.") suspense and the cumulative effect are much reduced in importance; each incident exists for itself, and looks out for itself. This throwing away of an age-old weapon can only mean that the novelist feels he can get along just as well (or better) without it. His new weapons are the vivid use of incident and detail and image, and the power of words themselves. All of these were formerly characteristic of poetry.

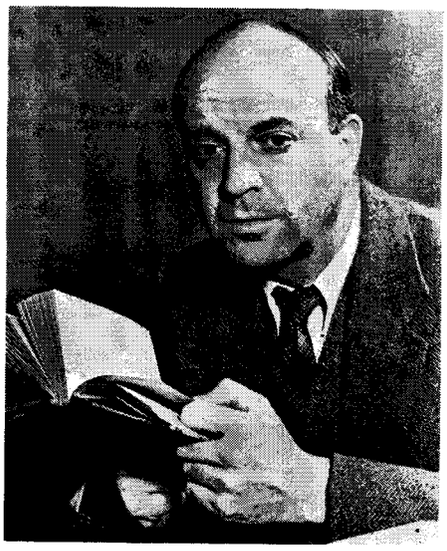
IN the present connection another and very striking device of the modern novel may be mentioned; I refer to the so-called stream-of-consciousness technique. Stream-of-consciousness is sometimes merely soliloquy, and even as such is more a part of poetry than of the older novel. But stream-of-consciousness is often not logical at all. and its effect is the peculiarly poetic one of the suggestive power of isolated words and phrases, freely associated.

4) Two more developments of technique are so closely related that they may be discussed as one—the complication of the time-element and the complication of the space-element. For these I shall attempt only some slight direct connection with poetry by pointing out that the principle *in medias res* (essentially a simple time-complication) was capitalized for poetry from time beyond memory, but was not typical of the earlier novel.

Certain complications of time and space are, however, inevitable in any narrative above the nursery level. The older novelist—a Scott, a Cooper, or a Thackeray—usually faced these necessary complications (it seems to me) as evils which he should treat as well as he could. He avoided transitions as far as possible by following one thread of narrative to its practical limit, and then baldly picking up the other. We all remember Scott's formula of transition: "Our reader surely cannot have forgotten that while X was engaged in the adventures just narrated Y had been left in such-and-such a situation."

Certain devices such as the cut-back may owe more to the moving-picture than to the rather simple *in medias res* of the epic. In general, however, the artistic uses of time- and space-complications seem to me to have developed secondarily from some of the poetic techniques. As I have already tried to show, the modern novelist learned to omit much, and preserve only the more vivid. The result was that his narrative came often to be a series of scenes—short, separate, and vivid. With such a construction nothing is simpler and more obvious than to advance two narratives step by step together. And if two, why not three or four? Thus develops spatial complexity, for things that happen at the same time naturally must happen in different places, even if those different places are only as far separated as the minds of two people seated on the same davenport.

Temporal complexity also develops naturally from the same beginnings. No writer has as yet discovered a technique for actually reversing time, but time-segments, or in this case individual scenes, can be rearranged for artistic ends. An extreme and not very successful instance is Huxley's "Eyeless in Gaza." But in American literature particularly the multiple story,



Experimentalist: John Dos Passos

made possible by new techniques in handling time and space, has been in late years extremely important; examples are easy to supply: "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg," "The Wave," "The Sound and the Fury," "Wild Palms," and several of the works of John Dos Passos. But of even more importance has been the penetration of this technique into the potentialities of almost all of our novelists. On occasion, any of them may enjoy complicating time or space for artistic ends.

5) The adoption by novelists of certain of the more specific techniques of poetry is also worthy of notice. The choruses of the poetic Greek tragedy were interspersed passages of comment or symbolism, lyrical in nature, written in somewhat higher vein and in more highly wrought poetic diction than the body of the play. This practice is almost exactly paralleled in Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" and Dos Passos's "U.S.A." Notably also this practice differs from the habit of the older novelists (such as Fielding) of inserting essays and author's comment, for the earlier practice was wholly logical whereas the current usage is to make the interspersed passages symbolic, lyrical, and figurative, in other words, poetic.

The repetition of words, phrases, and whole sentences is a constant practice in modern novels and parallels the poetic use of the refrain. The most notable use of refrain in a modern novel is probably in Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward Angel"; I mean of course the haunting sentence: "Oh lost and by-the-wind-grieved ghost, return again!"

6) The last point of this series which I wish to make is like the first in that it is not of primary importance

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but is highly concrete. This is the question of the title.

The early novel used almost exclusively that dullest and most logical of all devices—the name title. We need only mention "Robinson Crusoe," "Pamela," "Clarissa," "Harlowe," "Joseph Andrews," "Amelia," "Tristram Shandy," "Evelina," "Rasselas." Since that time these names have acquired a secondary and charming flavor—but they originally did not possess that flavor. We may contrast these titles with the excellent imaginative titles of contemporary poems such as "The Rape of the Lock," "The Dunciad," "The Castle of Indolence," "The Vanity of Human Wishes." There is no time to demonstrate fully, but the domination of the unimaginative, mere "handle" title lasted until at least the mid-nineteenth century; it dominates the works of Dickens, Thackery, Eliot, and even the earlier Meredith. Since that time there has been a movement toward the imaginative, symbolic, suggestive, poetic title, a movement which has gained acceleration since 1920.

Much more might be said than I have here had time to say upon this subject of the absorption by the novelists of the techniques of poetry. In passing on, however, I should at least point out that as regards subject-matter the same process has been at work, although perhaps not so radically. By convention and tradition certain subjects were once held unfit for poetry, certain others unfit for the novel—and certain others, of course, unfit for either.

In the last twenty years the field of subject-matter for the novelist has greatly expanded. He now handles not only many subjects formerly considered untouchable, but also many which were once thought to be the special field of poetry. Concomittantly the field of poetry has shrunk, in spite of the work of such poets as Robinson Jeffers. The novelists have been doing the job better than the poets, and poetry simply seems to have yielded ground. Traditionally, for instance, poetry dealt in love and passion (the emotions) while novels specialized in the social and institutionalized aspects of sex—that is, courtship, betrothal, and marriage. The situation has changed. The novel has not relinquished any of its traditional field, but it has also begun to treat love and passion as emotions. And, as it seems to me, the novelists now handle these subjects more successfully than do the poets—certainly the novels find their audiences by the hundred or the thousand while around a volume of poetry only two or three may be gathered together.

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Malty Russell

NO STONE UNTURNED. By Josephine Lawrence. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1941. 324 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FRANCES SMYTH

A REVIEW of any novel by Josephine Lawrence must begin where a good many reviews leave off. Miss Lawrence's competence is not arguable. In half-a-dozen books she has proven her fitness as a novelist. She writes easily and inconspicuously; she hears, sees, and records accurately; she thinks; and, a tremendously important factor, she likes people. The day-after-day existence of "average" middle-class households is unaffectedly interesting to Miss Lawrence, and whatever one may think of her themes, however doubtful their validity, or obscure her logic, there is not one scatter-rug out of place in the backgrounds she creates.

In "No Stone Unturned," her survey of the Russell family re-introduces problems familiar to Miss Lawrence's readers: the relation of economics to individual conduct, the self-deceit of many who practise what they consider unselfishness, and, above all, these elements as forces in the life of the family unit. In the boom days, when money made itself, Malty Russell made money as real-estate broker. When manna stopped falling Malty proved incapable of becoming a real breadwinner. To compensate for his utter helplessness and insignificance in the world of affairs, he has diverted all his attention to his four children, attempting to achieve as a dominating father the illusion of power and indispensability. This absorption enables him to disregard his own shortcomings, his unpaid bills, and even justifies his refusal to follow up the few leads that might prove profitable. Immediate money crises are met by borrowing from his fairly prosperous father-in-law, in whose house the Russells live and who dies in time to save them from destitution. Malty's frantic attempts to control and integrate his family, and his distress at the unequivocal independence of his children, are as pathological as his aversion to work.

Miss Lawrence is honest with her characters, however. Malty's love for his children is very real, distorted but passionately sincere. The children, too, are treated with absolute fairness. Miss Lawrence excellently presents their conflict between genuine tenderness for Malty and the unshakable determination to lead their own lives.

It is in the presentation of her thesis that Miss Lawrence's fairness becomes questionable. A short story would adequately have drawn Malty and his family as individuals. But Miss Lawrence has not written a short story—the novel is actually a good deal too long for the reader's patience—nor does she mean Malty's portrait to stand simply as the representation of one silly man. In Malty she has obviously intended to assail a ruinous point of view and, possibly, even a generation: men of no strength or skill deluded into a high opinion of themselves by the magic of easy money. But Malty Russell, as she has shown him, could not earn his living under any economy in any period. He is a touching, laughable fool and, as such, far too flimsy a figure on which to pin a terrible and general indictment.

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A FRANZ KAFKA MISCELLANY. New York: Twice A Year Press. 1940. 99 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by PAUL ROSENFELD

POOR, sick, suffering Kafka's work has found a vast favor and exercised a considerable influence since his death in 1924. He has authoritatively been called "the secret king of German prose." His influence is apparent even in such popular writers as Julian Green and James Cozzens. Still we do not know whether he has been applauded most because of his vision of the grotesque, unblessed state of life, because of a personal intensity, or the fascination of his adroit symbolist technique.

Hence the value of the charmingly presented "Franz Kafka Miscellany." Among the oddly troubling, moving bits of his work which it translates—they include his autobiographical sketch, meditations and a parable and the final chapters of "The Castle" not included in the published edition of the book—there is material facilitating the much-needed criticism of his ironic vision. These are bits such as the "Letter to My Father."

What Kafka thought to perceive was the tragi-comedy of the search for God. He saw man seeking not merely a place in the sun, but the sense that what he did was right. Now, what the "Miscellany" exhibits is the likeness between Kafka's ideas of "God" and of his own father: probably he had a severe father-complex. An abnormal amount of his feeling focussed itself on his arbitrary, perhaps stupid parent, with whom he could not sympathize, from whom he could not part. Much of it was bitterly reproachful on the score of irresponsibility.

Besides, these revalatory bits, the "Miscellany" contains pieces of much-needed Kafka criticism itself—in the form of articles by his literary executor, Max Brod, and by Harry Slochower and Edwin Muir. For the first time we find, in Slochower's essay, a clear definition of Kafka's art and a measurement of the proportion of its merit and demerit.

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LETTERS FROM BRITAIN

(*Continued from page 6*)

deal with them, sirens, bombs, disturbed nights, how one writer was shot down by a Messerschmitt, another made twenty-seven pounds of blackberry jam during a raid, and the friends of a third laid four depth-charges beneath the stern of the Richelieu—all the detail, homely or terrible, of modern warfare, as it is actually lived today by ordinary people. The letters reveal also—and this is why I am particularly grateful to them—what the ordinary people *feel* about it all. The book is divided into four sections: War and Waiting, Britain's Allies Fall, The Battle of Britain Begins, Blitzkrieg. This chronological arrangement reveals admirably the progress of the British spirit from sorrow and perplexity, through the agony of Dunkirk, to the "grim exhilaration" and "redoubled confidence" of today, when, as one writer remarks, "everyone is secretly delighted with the *privilege* of holding up Hitler." I continually jotted down phrases which struck me as particularly true and expressive; here are a few of them:

We are, by and large, a pretty dogged folk. . . .
A sort of feeling that we must go on being ordinary. . . .
We've got used to daily raids and take them as we do our meals. . . .
Danger does open the spiritual eyes of the British people. . . .
We fight against what we believe to be evil, and our aim is to make the world a better place. . . .

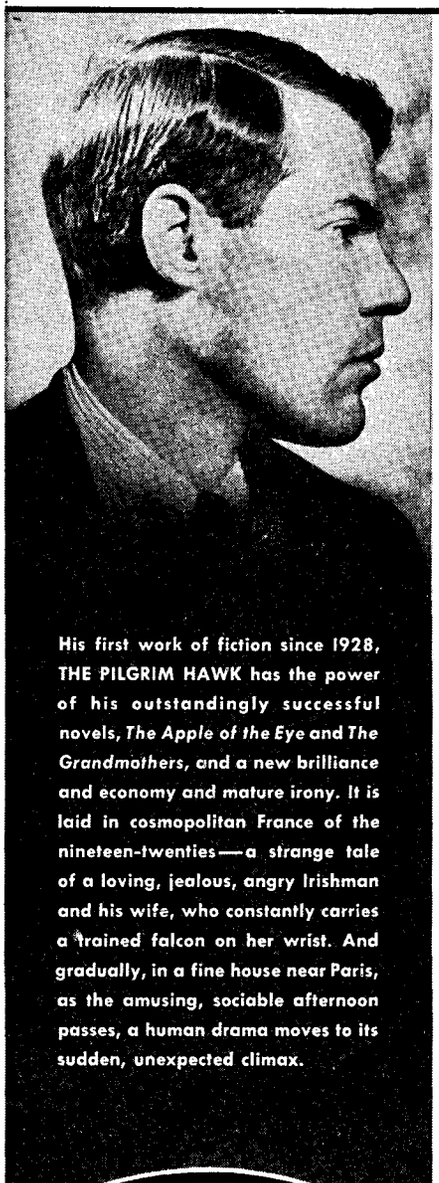
Yes, sir, I'm pretty darned proud of my folks today, and I hope this book, which reveals them at their quiet best and is being sold for the benefit of the British-American Ambulance Corps, will have a really tremendous sale.

Phyllis Bentley, author of "Inheritance" and other novels with her native Yorkshire for background, has recently arrived in this country for a lecture tour.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Markham: "The Man with the Hoe."
2. Milton: "Paradise Lost."
3. Poe: "Ulalume."
4. Pope: "The Rape of the Lock."
5. Scott: "The Lady of the Lake."
6. Shelley: "To A Skylark."
7. Spenser: "The Faerie Queene."
8. Tennyson: "In Memoriam."
9. Whittier: "Snowbound."
10. Wordsworth: "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality."

The critics acclaim Glenway Wescott's triumphant return



His first work of fiction since 1928, THE PILGRIM HAWK has the power of his outstandingly successful novels, *The Apple of the Eye* and *The Grandmothers*, and a new brilliance and economy and mature irony. It is laid in cosmopolitan France of the nineteen-twenties—a strange tale of a loving, jealous, angry Irishman and his wife, who constantly carries a trained falcon on her wrist. And gradually, in a fine house near Paris, as the amusing, sociable afternoon passes, a human drama moves to its sudden, unexpected climax.

"A MASTERPIECE of sheer virtuosity."
—JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

"From this subtle and beautifully written story, it is obvious that a superb storyteller has been silent too long."—*Newsweek*

"Fascinating . . . The emotions awakened are tense and special, and Mr. Wescott does them full justice."
—CLIFTON FADIMAN, *The New Yorker*

"Probably the most vividly drawn bird since Poe's Raven."—*Milwaukee Journal*

"Never a flagging of Mr. Wescott's perceptive cunning or his capacity to cull beauty from language."—*Los Angeles Times*

"*The Pilgrim Hawk* is as good as anyone need hope. A superbly turned specimen of the long-short form."—*Time Magazine*

"Brilliant . . . with a polished hardness and indirection which heightens the effect of emotional conflict. The writing is beautiful, cut to the bare bones."
—ROSE FELD, *N. Y. Herald Tribune*

"His novel is the sort Henry James would have written if he had that much talent. It is a gem with devilish and deceptive inner lights. It is the best prose he has written."—STERLING NORTH, *Chicago News*

"With the deftest strokes, Wescott says more in a few phrases than all that laborious reporting can convey."—ERNEST BOYD

"A story so subtly conceived and so brilliantly executed that it would be enough in itself to make a literary reputation."
—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*

"Worth waiting a long time for . . . Like the best of D. H. Lawrence's work, it is a subtle weaving of actuality and symbolism. Mr. Wescott reminds us with this book that he is one of America's purest stylists and what we have been missing during his silence."
—*Chicago Tribune*

Second Printing

by
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HARPER & BROTHERS
NEW YORK

$1.50

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Author, Author!

LOUIS ADAMIC ("From Many Lands") knew no English when he came to the United States in 1913, at the age of 15. In his native Jugoslavia he had completed about the equivalent of two years in an American high school; but he did not go to school after his arrival in this country. On February 14th Temple University will confer on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters, for his "distinguished contribution to the field of literature." Mr. Adamic has written eight books. The cause of racial tolerance and American unity occupies most of the author's time, whether as editor of *Common Ground* to which he donates his services as writer and lecturer, or as counsel on Americanization and cultural problems to the National Defense Commission. Asked to define the basis for his passionate interest in these matters, Mr. Adamic answered: "I'm nuts about this damned country!"

Ward Weaver, author of an historical novel of the Civil War, "Hang My Wreath," to be issued this spring, is a pseudonym for a distinguished American author known to all readers of best sellers. The writer is famous for two different types of books. The name is a secret (the author is not alien to mysteries), but it appeared in this column several weeks ago.

Lars Moen ("Under the Iron Heel") wrote his book in record time, producing a manuscript of 100,000 words in a little over a month. He was spurred on by George Stevens, formerly editor of the *SRL* and now a publisher. Mr. Stevens wanted a book on the parts of Europe occupied by the Nazis. While he was searching for a suitable author he heard about Mr. Moen who left Antwerp around October 20th last year and reached the United States on November 20th. He started writing his account of the Nazi occupation December 10th and on January 20th he turned in the last chapters. Mr. Moen brought some amazing stories from Antwerp. He says, for example, that he witnessed actual preparations for an attack on England and saw, among other things, pre-arranged photographs which were to be released by the Nazis as actual pictures of the invasion and some movies taken while Nazi airmen came down a remote section of the Belgian coast, to be released as newsreels of German planes landing in England. Another interesting story concerned the famous chimes of Belgian cathedrals. Remembering that in 1914 the Belgians had removed the cylinders which cause the chimes to play, and suspecting that they might do so again, the Germans brought with them in 1940 duplicate cylinders for the chimes.

Ernest Hemingway will act as correspondent in the Orient for *PM*. He sailed on January 30th with his new wife, Martha Gellhorn, who is on assignment for *Collier's*. At Honolulu they will take a clipper for Hongkong and from there will go to Chungking.

EUGENE ARMFIELD.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
GREEN SHIVER *Clyde B. Clason* (Crime Club: $2.)	Theft of jade figurine from Cal. oil-heiress's collection gives Theocritus Westborough job that turns into double gun-killing.	Exotic plot, slightly fuzzy around edges, but richly furnished with thrills, romance, Chinese lore and keen psychological detecting.	Very good
THE MILAN GRILL ROOM *E. Phillips Oppenheim* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Restaurateur and detective pal check criminal careers of spys, kidnappers, and intriguantes who frequent posh London beanery.	Typical Opp. collation. Some stories pretty thin—others pretty thick—but all faultlessly groomed and told with old master's customary skill.	Tasty
IF A BODY *George Worthing Yates* (Morrow: $2.)	Slightly disreputable sleuth and bride trail double murderer, and are trailed in turn, from Pa. to Cal. dessert where slayer succumbs.	Transcontinental motor travel and kaleidoscopically changing scene add extra acceleration to forthright, puzzling, and exciting yarn.	Yes *sir*
THE MAN WITH NO FACE *Margaret Armstrong* (Random House: $2.)	Relentless Antipodean slayer almost succeeds in eliminating all annoying Yankees betwixt him and foster-father's hoard. Two New Yorkers solve it.	Cold-blooded activities of apparently unquenchable killer recorded in chapters that set hair on end. Best thriller bet of young year.	Top drawer

Vital Statistics

THE YOUTH OF NEW YORK CITY. By Nettie Pauline McGill and Ellen Nathalie Matthews. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1940. 423 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH P. LASH

CONSCRIPTION has been placed very much in the center of the national picture, especially as the instruments through which the measure will have to be accomplished have demonstrated stubborn opposition to it. This study of a cross section of the million young persons in New York City between the ages of 16 and 24 was made for the Welfare Council in 1935; it consists of interviews with more than 9,000 New Yorkers representing a one per cent sample of the youth population and including all social and economic groups. The conditions uncovered confirm the findings of the American Youth Commission and the National Youth Administration with respect to the restricted job, health, educational, and recreational opportunities of youth.

The central fact in this study is that, in a youth population of one million, the number of out-of-work youth is about 350,000. Of those seeking work, 120,000 are totally without work experience; with every year that passes these young people become less employable — and they realize it. It does not require much imagination to sense the devastating effect this has on the morale of young people. Discouragement gives way to apathy, which finally turns into a nihilistic attitude toward a society identified with the *status quo*. There are many desperate young people who would not be averse to seeing the Heartbreak House of modern society completely and irrevocably shattered, if it would only give relief from the present.

If college professors were a little more diffident about lecturing youth on its short-sightedness about the war, and a little bolder with those who stymie any real effort to meet the conditions revealed in this book, they would get more of a hearing from young people. But perhaps it takes an ordeal by fire, such as England is now undergoing, to produce such a revolution in attitudes. Young people like all citizens have an obligation to share in the common defense when the community is in danger, as the United States is at the present moment. But the community has the reciprocal obligation, as the American Youth Commission has insisted, to end all partial and hesitant handling of the problems of youth, problems once more underlined by this capable study.

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS ASSOCIATES

YOUNG QUERCUS, who has never received a valentine, has, therefore, an accentuated wistful interest in them. But in none of the Fifth Avenue bookstores has he seen any to equal the enchanting 18th and 19th century valentines in the collection of Alice Van Leer Carrick, the author and collector, of Hanover, N.H. She found most of them in old bookstores, slipped between the pages of romantic novels; others she purchased from antique dealers. Although the top price she paid was two dollars for individual items, her collection is valued at five hundred dollars. Of the many amorous missives, with their lace and gilt and bowers, Quercus remembers two separate verses which represent the opposites in male approaches:

☞If thus unseen I dare to woo,
Doubt not my honor or intent.
But let this truth remembered be
True love is always *diffident.*

☞I'd rather lean upon a breast
Responsive to my own
Than sit pavilioned gorgeously
Upon a kingly throne.

☞One of the older valentines in the collection, written in 1798, consists of thirty-six lines of pretty bad but heartfelt verse addressed in timorous hand to "Ann." It ends:

If my request you do refuse,
This paper burn, and me excuse.

☞Good old Saint Valentine himself would have been pleased to see that the paper bears no sign of sulphurous fire. ☞We meant to ask the *Personals* department if their business is good this week.

★ ★

☞The annual wager between the executives of Boston's leading publishers, Houghton Mifflin Company and Little, Brown, was won this year by the latter who were, accordingly, given a banquet at the Union Club in Boston on January 24. The wager was on the comparative sale, to December 31st, of each publisher's best-selling novel, non-fiction, and juvenile, published after June 1, 1940; and the race was won by a nose.

☞Little, Brown's *The Family,* by Nina Fedorova, beat Houghton Mifflin's *Invitation To Live,* by Lloyd C. Douglas, by 3,807 copies; their *As I Remember Him,* by Hans Zinsser, beat *Audubon's America,* edited by Donald Culross Peattie, by 4,241 copies. Houghton Mifflin's *Little History of the United States,* by Mable Pyne, won over *The Tenggren Mother Goose* by 8,013 copies.

☞The net difference in the total sales of these six books was exactly thirty-five copies, out of a total sale of nearly 200,000 copies. The editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and the director of the Atlantic Monthly Press, whose *The Family* and *As I Remember Him* are Atlantic books published by Little, Brown, were among those present. Details were arranged during the banquet for the next annual wager; in addition, numerous individual cash wagers on future sales were offered and accepted.

★ ★

☞The Inner Sanctum Mysteries (Simon and Schuster) and Carter Products (Carter's Little Liver Pills) are working together to cure the public's malaise. Carter Products are producing a half-hour original mystery drama each Tuesday night at 9:35 on WJZ. Essandess contribute only the general title—Inner Sanctum Mysteries. But at the program's end, it is suggested that listeners read the current Sanctum mystery. *The Case of the Solid Key,* by Anthony Boucher, has been recommended; and *The Blue Geranium,* by Dolan Birkley, will be publicized during February.

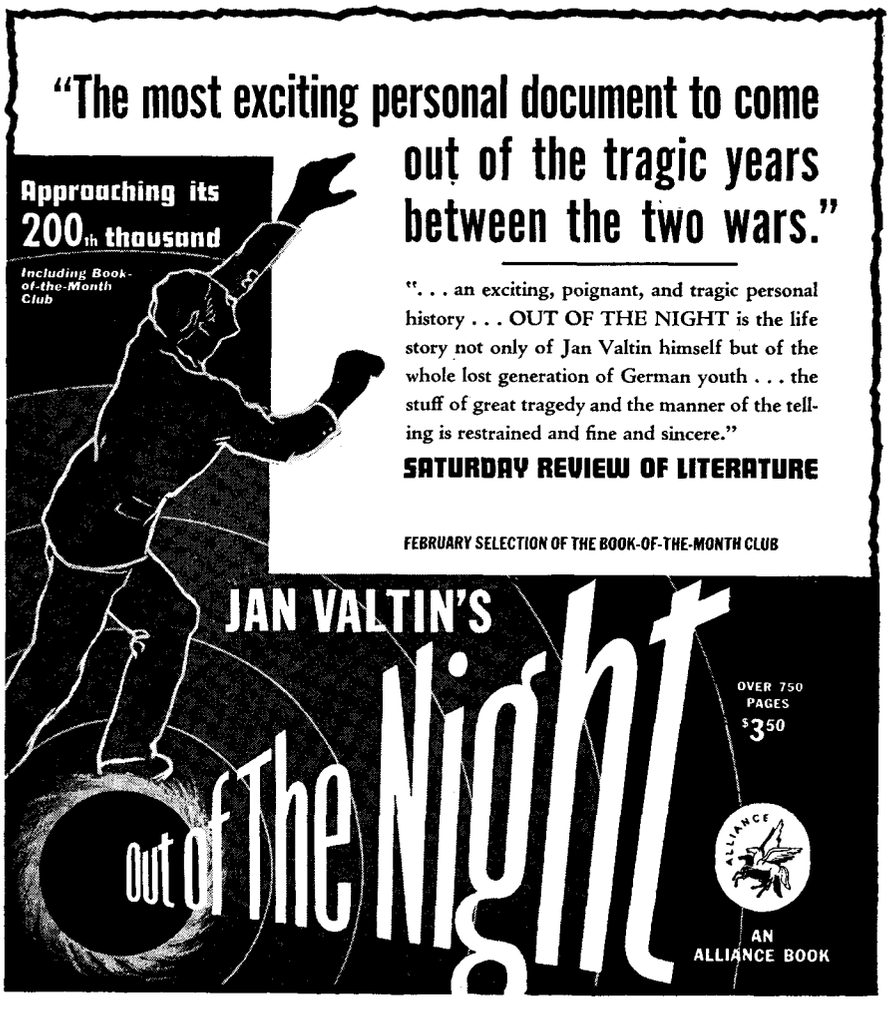
★ ★

☞Old Q. and one of the younger Associates, who long have been enthusiastic about *Delilah,* by Marcus Goodrich, are delighted with its critical reception. First editions are already probably at a premium.

★ ★

☞Susy Q., who still plays around with cookery in her one- and-a-foot kitchenette, is currently enamored of Philadelphia scrapple. She looked it up in her Fannie Farmer's "The Boston Cooking-School Cook Book," 1933 edition, but did not find it indexed. Turning to the other half of her culinary library, Cora, Rose, and Bob Brown's "Outdoor Cooking," Susy found scrapple listed; and read on page 45: "A tin of scrapple such as the Pennsylvania Dutch sell is just the thing for camp cooking. You can carry your scrapple neatly in the shiny tin and after you've cooked it add the tin to your camp fire equipment."

☞Susy thinks that Fanny Farmer and Cora, Rose, and Bob Brown would, themselves, do nicely as camp fire equipment—fagots are what she has in mind.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THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

ONCE THERE WAS A VILLAGE. By Katherine Dunlap. Morrow. 1940. 248 *pp.* $2.

Katherine Dunlap's story of a French village in the summer of 1939 is a fragile tale that stays well within its prescribed limits. Wisely, there is no tangling with problems of political or military strategy. The author hazards no explanation of the tragedy of France. Out of long familiarity with the French countryside she has dashed off an affectionate and loyal sketch of some of the people whom that tragedy befell. Here are the men who harvested their fields while they waited to hear whether it would be war. After the flood of "I-was-there-and-I-know-about-it" narratives of France in the current war, there is a strong stroke of realism in the story of men who knew nothing about it, who waited to be told when, where, and whether they would be sent, but who, in their own hearts, knew why they were going.

An American girl, her brother, who paints (not, to the reader, very convincingly), a paying guest, and a French novelist move in the foreground, all of them observed and commented on by the Village. Except for the paying guest, a rather heavily burlesqued sample of a crude American (as opposed to nice American) lady writer, all find themselves intimately involved with the fortunes of France and the village.

Mrs. Dunlap's novel is conventional, sentimental, tenuous, and trivial. Yet the terrible dignity of the events she touches on lends some nobility to the book, and her wholly unaffected tenderness and respect for the village, and its counterpart throughout France, are, beyond all question, honorable.

F. S.

SOMETHING MORE THAN EARTH. By Helen Norris. Little, Brown. 1940. 252 *pp.* $2.50.

The central situation of Miss Norris's novel is somewhat like that of a recent British novel, "Gold for My Bride," by Norman Collins: an unattractive woman bribes a younger man into marriage. The American novel, however, could be called "Land for My Bride," for it is the rich, red land of a cotton plantation in the deep South which the young man covets.

Helen Norris in her first book succeeds in avoiding the trap of lush romanticism, which claims so many Southern novelists, and she exhibits no interest in the turnip-gnawing Calibans and grotesques of Caldwell and Faulkner. Her plantation home is a two-family affair, the darkies do not sing like a Hall-Johnson choir in the background but snicker and gossip in kitchen and field, and the rich, good earth produces cotton for which there is sometimes no market. Some of the farmers discover what Sidney Lanier pointed out seventy years ago, that it might be well to grow corn at times.

The young author (only twenty-two) has conscientiously striven for simplicity and directness, both in description and anecdote. Robert Frost has pointed out, however, that perfection turns inward upon itself, and sometimes this earnest striving results only in a feeble oversimplification, as for instance in the primer-like imitations of Hemingway. "Something More Than Earth" has often fragility rather than simplicity, sometimes a mincing quality. The characters, for example, talk in no wise like voluble Southerners but out-do Coolidge in thrifty monosyllables. The niggardliness in the dialogue plus a considerable amount of what Winchell calls literary lace gives to the novel an undeserved delicacy, for the story itself is firm and the characters are plausible and not at all shadowy.

R. A. C.

HEAVEN'S DOORYARD. By Marguerite McIntire. Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 308 *pp.* $2.50.

It is the spring of 1840 when this story opens and young Jonathon Chadbourne has come to Maine from Massachusetts with capital consisting of two thousand dollars, an ox-team, his own strength and integrity, and one loyal dependent, Peleg Jones, a crippled veteran of the Revolution. Jonathon is Quaker-bred and therefore a charming blend of the mystical and the practical. He wants a hilltop farm where the fields seem to "stretch into eternity," but he also wants a wood lot for firewood and soil that will bear a varied cash crop. He buys a farm, inherits a feud, and complicates it by falling in love.

The ensuing love story is lively and tender, set against a background which seems to record faithfully the social attitudes prevailing in rural Maine only a hundred years ago. Mrs. McIntire treats the economic and emotional limitations of the period indulgently—almost sympathetically. She seems to share that romantic nostalgia for the agricultural past so general among the writers of industrial society from William Morris to Lewis Mumford. Perhaps they do not realize that agriculture itself was once considered modern and therefore pernicious by races bred in a pastoral tradition. Mohammed, contemplating a plow, exclaimed: "When that implement appears among a people, virtue goes out of them!"

H. M.

Miscellaneous

PANORAMA OF TREASURE HUNTING. By Harold T. Wilkins. Dutton. 582 *pp.* $5.

Mr. Wilkins is a recognized authority on treasure hunting and his panorama of the subject provides the reader with vicarious romantic ad-

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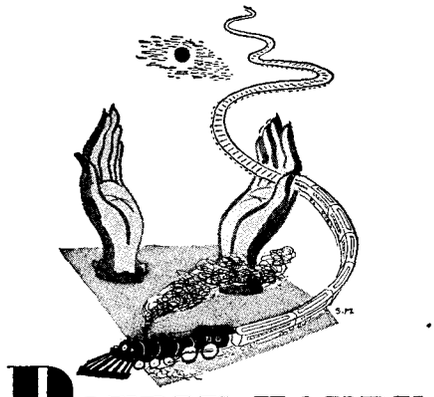

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venture in strange lands and queer places. The shades of Captains Kidd and Flood, Sir William Morgan, and other notorious buccaneers flit through its pages and attest to the author's exhaustive research among archives hitherto unexplored.

Mr. Wilkins views treasure hunting *per se* with a bilious eye, and thoroughly debunks those who organize the avariciously gullible into expeditions for that purpose. Certainly, the reader is left with the conviction that "all is not gold that golden seems" and that tragedy has marched shoulder to shoulder with those who have sought—and even found—buried treasure. The author devotes one very interesting chapter to the ill-fated expedition of the British explorer, Colonel Fawcett, who disappeared into the Matto Grosso section of Brazil.

"Panorama of Treasure Hunting" would be more enjoyable reading if the author's style were less pompous and more valuable if it contained an index. L. W.

SAILING AND SMALL CRAFT DOWN THE AGES. By Edgar L. Bloomster. Annapolis, Md.: U. S. Naval Institute. 1940. 280 *pp.* $5.

This is the book that every ship enthusiast has been awaiting for a long time. However they may try to bluff the matter through a conversation, even the most experienced yachtsmen do not know what a trabacoto or a rua pet is, unless by some wild chance they have sailed the coasts of Sicily or Siam. What is worse, there has been up to the present, no place where they could find out. Even the unabridged Merriam Webster and the encyclopedia are ignorant both of these and of half the other rigs mentioned; and when they do happen to have heard of (for instance) a lorcha or a proa, they are quite incapable of furnishing the important information about the craft. Now they have this book, an encyclopedia of sailing ships, the only one of its kind.

It is arranged on a simple and intelligent plan, opening with some ninety pages of drawings, ten or twelve pictures to the page. They are arranged by regions, all the Indian Ocean types on one page, the rigs peculiar to the North Sea on another. Following the pictures comes the text, arranged in dictionary form under the name of the type—a description of each ship, with notes on its peculiarities and something about its history. Not all the type. Finally, there is an excellent section on the sailing yachts now to be met in American waters, one on the America's cup races, and one diagraming and simply explaining the ropes used on a full rigged ship. With the date of its publication this became the standard work on the subject and an indispensable book of reference; and what is really surprising, it is good reading. F. P.

UNDER SEA WITH HELMET AND CAMERA. By Felix Du Pont. Illustrations from Photographs taken by the author. Dodd, Mead. 1940. 87 *pp.* $2.50.

This book is written by an ardent amateur who has succeeded not only in working out for himself a technique of undersea natural history, but also has embodied it in an interesting narrative designed to encourage others to follow his example. The second part of the book is a useful simple manual on apparatus and general procedure for those who wish to study their fish and other sea-life from below instead from above. There are some very beautiful photographs. H. S. C.

Poetry

FIRE AND OTHER POEMS. By D. H. Lawrence. With a Foreword by Robinson Jeffers and a Note on the Poems by Frieda Lawrence. San Francisco: Grabhorn Press. 1940. 37 *pp.* $3.50.

D. H. Lawrence's poems are less important in themselves than as background illumination for the novels. Even in his early period, when he was attempting a fairly traditional manner, with some balance of rhyme and stanza, Lawrence was rarely a poet in the small sense: he was forever breaking out of bounds, getting away from regularized and disciplined expression. Before long he sought relief in a rhapsodic free verse. By the end of his life his poems had become for the most part bitterly satiric thought-pellets, often crudely rhymed —though the magnificent last-period "Ship of Death" must not be forgotten. As a whole, Lawrence's poems are a variegated scrapheap from which individual pieces can be salvaged, such as the superbly imagined and expressed "Change of Life" in the present collection of nine left-overs. Only one of this group, "Eagle in New Mexico," which appeared in less palatable form in "Birds, Beasts and Flowers," was rewritten and inserted by Lawrence in one of his volumes; the others are entirely new, previously unpublished first-draft material. If a few of them suggest the low ebb of the "Pansies" and "Nettles" collections, some of the rest have the kinetic power, the vividness, and the deep "special H. T. M.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 358)

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
KING LEAR

Blow winds and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
. . . . . : and thou, all-shaking thunder,
Smit flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germins spill at once
That make ingrateful man. . . . . .
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness.

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By Maurine Whipple

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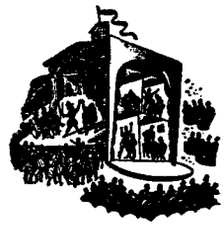

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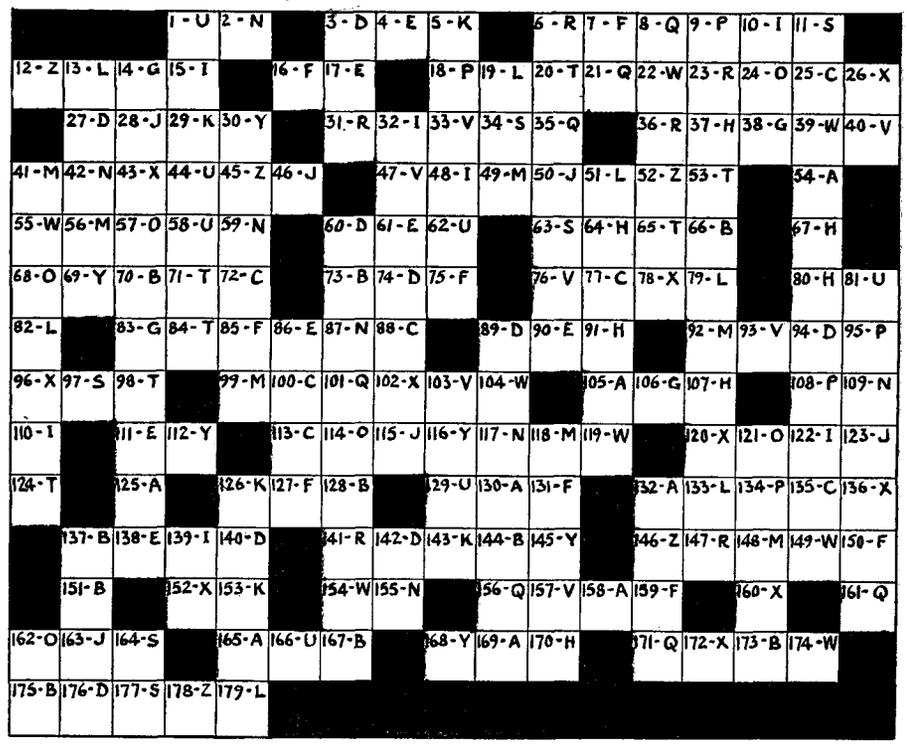
Double-Crostics: No. 359

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words, therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 25 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Smacking of the workshop.

B. In a straightforward manner (phrase).

C. Begone! (slang).

D. State of intense strain (2 wds.)

E. Domain of Freyr (Norse).

F. Followers of Wycliffe.

G. Feminine name used in poems by Wordsworth.

H. Bridge to Paradise over the infernal fire (Moslem).

I. Iroquois Confederacy Indians of Central N. Y. valley.

J. Contorted.

K. Goddess of Fortune (Gr.)

L. French dramatist-poet (1868-1918).

M. Called on for aid or protection.

N. Wealthy.

O. Character in *As You Like It.*

P. English Prime Minister (1770-82).

Q. Frequents and molests.

R. With hand on the hip and elbows turned outward.

S. Bars used to pry up or open.

T. Scottish poet (*Anster Fair*, 1812).

U. Title and hero of tragedy by Victor Hugo.

V. Leading character in Aeschylus trilogy.

W. Not becoming (behavior).

X. For deception to Joshua they were condemned to be drudges in the Temple.

Y. Admiral and Regent of Hungary (1920-).

Z. River on which Abbotsford is located.

WORDS

105 125 130 169 158 165 54 132

151 173 128 73 66 137 144 70 167 175

135 113 100 72 88 25 77

27 89 176 142 74 60 140 94 3

61 86 17 4 90 138 111

85 16 7 159 127 75 131 150

38 106 83 14

80 37 170 67 91 64 107

48 122 10 32 110 139 15

163 50 123 28 46 115

29 153 126 143 5

133 19 179 51 13 79 82

49 118 148 56 99 41 92

42 109 2 117 155 87 59

24 68 114 57 162 121

108 134 95 9 18

8 171 161 21 35 101 156

36 31 147 23 6 141

63 11 177 34 164 97

65 71 53 20 84 124 98

166 58 62 81 129 44 1

157 40 93 47 33 103 76

39 104 119 149 174 154 55 22

120 160 152 43 78 26 172 102 96 136

168 69 145 116 30 112

45 146 178 52 12

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